universal regret and horror that his life should be endangered by the assassin's bullet.

"The attack on Mr. Roosevelt was as free from external stimulus as that on Mayor Gaynor," declares the New York "Times" (Ind. Dem.). Among other papers whose bitterness against Mr. Roosevelt has led them into extremities of language, the "Times" disclaims for the anti-Roosevelt press responsibility for the assault by its remark that—

In the campaign he has been criticised by his opponents, and he in turn has criticised them even more vigorously. But there has been nothing in this out of the ordinary; the general temper of the people has been calm. Nothing but a thoroughly disordered or notoriety-seeking brain could have found in the discussions the least inspiration to violence.

Another New York paper, the "Globe" (Rep.), takes this different view of the campaign:

The vituperative campaign against Theodore Roosevelt, carried on with increasing virulence for a decade, produced fruit after its kind last night in Milwaukee. A weak-minded, cowardly creature, who accepted slanders as truth, became convinced that it was his duty to remove what he was told was a menace to his country and to society.

J. Wilkes Booth heard extremists say Lincoln was a tyrant, and believed it. Czolgosz listened to anarchistic talk and conceived that an obligation rested on him to murder McKinley. Schrank fed his eyes on the intemperate attacks of New York newspapers on Roosevelt; his zigzag brain became as inflamed as the stuff he read, and he felt a call from Heaven to sneak after his victim.

One can imagine, therefore, that last evening was no comfortable one to the editors chiefly responsible for the torrent of abuse. Their consciences are not altogether dead, and they are intelligent enough to trace consequences to causes. They knew that, as they had laid responsibility for McKinley's death at the door of one newspaper, so they by the same argument could be held responsible for the murderous assault on Roosevelt.

"Who is responsible?" demands the Grand Rapids "Evening Press" (Prog.). "Is no one responsible? The man thought he was doing the country a service by ridding it of the candidate for a third term. . . . He came from New York, the citadel of the bitter, vicious, and deliberate misrepresentation which to a greater or lesser degree is the part chosen by the stand-pat press."

Says the New York "Sun" (Ind.), which has apparently shown no restraint when it wished to denounce Mr. Roosevelt:

President Taft's message to Colonel Roosevelt, the first direct communication for many months that has passed in either direction between these two former friends, is a model of graceful and sincere expression. It carries sentiments which, as we believe, are universally entertained by the President's supporters in the campaign.

Governor Wilson has not been slow in announcing his own withdrawal from the stump during the term of Colonel Roosevelt's physical incapacity. This proceeding on the part of the Democratic candidate is inspired by personal delicacy and political chivalry alike admirable.

"I speak for the American people," said President Taft, "in expressing the profound hope that Colonel Roosevelt may speedily recover from the effects of this dastardly act."

"Amen!" cries the Buffalo "Express."

The Springfield, Massachusetts, "Republican" (Ind.) makes the following comment on Governor Wilson's course:

In announcing his withdrawal from the stump at the earliest possible date, Governor Wilson meets the new conditions in the Presidential contest in precisely the proper spirit. So long as Mr. Roosevelt remains incapacitated for campaigning, and with President Taft personally taking no active part in the contest, it is fitting that the Democratic candidate should abandon public speaking. If it be said that Democrats and Republicans may still fight each other, the obvious answer is that this Presidential struggle has been in reality a question of Mr. Roosevelt's potency, and the one great undetermined quantity in the political equation has been the measure of support given him by the American people.

One of the bulletins issued by Mr. Roosevelt's physicians reads as follows:

We find him in magnificent condition, due to regular physical exercise and his habitual abstinence from liquor and tobacco.

"What an answer to the slanderers who tried to spread the story that Colonel Roosevelt was a habitual drunkard!" exclaims the Baltimore Evening "Sun" (Ind. Dem.). "What an argument for temperance and proper care of the body!" The paper adds:

Theodore Roosevelt was nothing of a "husky" boy. He made himself robust by caring and working. He has *acquired* a physique that three noted physicians pronounced "magnificent." Of all the deeds which his friends praise him there is probably none more remarkable or significant, none more worthy of praise, than this.

Foreign comment is interesting. The London "Times" says:

It is impossible to calculate the effect of the wave of sympathy for Mr. Roosevelt that is certain to sweep over the whole electorate. All previous estimates and calculations are upset and political prophets will begin again from the

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beginning to weigh Mr. Roosevelt's chances in conditions more complicated than before.

The London "Daily Chronicle" says:

The loss of Mr. Roosevelt would be a heavy one for the United States. However people there may agree or disagree with his actions and the policy for which he stands, there can be only one opinion of the point that he is one of the great personalities which the country could ill afford to lose; and we may justly say more—he is a prominent figure whose passing would have left the whole civilized world infinitely poorer.

The London "Standard" says:

Whatever the result of the impending election may be, the United States can ill afford to lose a public man of so vital and commanding personality.

As a display of cool and stoical courage the ex-President's performance is not unworthy to rank with any incident in the lore of ancient Sparta or Samurai Japan.

ASSASSINS OF TWO KINDS

HISTORY affords few more dramatic illustrations of devoted courage than Theodore Roosevelt pleading the cause of the people for over an hour with a bullet in his breast and the blood oozing from his wound. This type of heroism is not infrequent in extra-hazardous pursuits, as that of the soldier, the fireman, or the miner, where imminent danger excites to self-forgetful bravery; but it is rarely seen, possibly because rarely called for, in the pacific work of an orator. Mr. Roosevelt's courage interprets the closing words of his Carnegie Hall speech:

The leader for the time being whoever he may be, is but an instrument, to be used until broken and then to be cast aside; and if he is worth his salt he will care no more when he is broken than a soldier cares when he is sent where his life is forfeit in order that the victory may be won. In the long fight for righteousness the watchword for all of us is spend and be spent. It is of little matter whether any one man fails or succeeds; but the cause shall not fail, for it is the cause of mankind. We, here in America, hold in our hands the hope of the world, the fate of the coming years; and shame and disgrace will be ours if in our eyes the light of high resolve is dimmed, if we trail in the dust the golden hopes of men.

These words interpret the secret of his courage—forgetfulness of self in thought for others. Now that the danger of death is passed, the true significance of the incident may easily be forgotten. But it ought not to be forgotten that he was conscious at the time that this speech might be his last message to the American people; and that, despite the counsels and the protest of his physician and friends, he persisted in his purpose, partly to reassure his followers and his family, partly because the solemnity of the hour would add to the weight and influence of his message.

The world speaks carelessly of the victim of such an assault as unprepared. Mr. Roosevelt was not unprepared. The habit of self-mastery cultivated throughout his life until it has become a second nature was there ready to spring into action the instant it was called for. The calmness of spirit which never forsakes Mr. Roosevelt preserved his serenity while all about him were dazed. The unselfishness of his nature sprang to the protection of his assailant from mob violence and preserved the country from the indelible disgrace which such violence would involve. And his lifelong temperate habits and careful physical culture had endowed him with a physique capable of resisting a shock which would have been fatal to a body poisoned by vice or enervated by luxury. "His superb physical condition," says the chief of the physicians attendant upon him, "due to his outdoor exercise and habitual abstinence from liquor and tobacco, as well as his simplicity of diet, accounts for the small effect produced upon him during his long speech while suffering from such a severe shock."

Unprepared? No! We are never unprepared. Self-control in little things prepares for self-control in great crises. Making the body the servant of the spirit prepares the body to meet disease or disaster when it comes. Constantly living a spiritual life consecrated to the higher ministries makes the spirit strong to serve the purpose of health and healing when the body turns to it for an ally. We are all unconsciously preparing ourselves by our daily life for failure or for success in the unanticipated time of extraordinary trial.

Nor was the country wholly unprepared for this assault. Certainly it should not have been unprepared. Mr. Roosevelt's friends were not unprepared. Great national excitement always inflames the man whose passions are strong and whose reason is weak. Violent speech excites to violent deeds. Revolution breeds assassination. The assassination of Cæsar by Brutus, of William of Orange by

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Gerard, of Marat by Charlotte Corday, of the Duke of Buckingham by John Felton, of King Humbert by Bresci, will readily recur to the reader, as well as the assassination of Abraham Lincoln by John Wilkes Booth, of President Garfield by Guiteau, and of President McKinley by Czolgosz.

The "North American," of Philadelphia, published on October 10, four days before the assassination, reported the following list of epithets applied to Theodore Roosevelt by a single American journal in the issues of a single month. The name of the journal it does not give; therefore we cannot report the name:

"Shrieks his hostility," "ridiculous," "contemptible," "his antics," "gnashing his teeth," "eager to use fraud," "unparalleled viciousness and dishonesty," "dangerous demagogue," "insensate ambition," "charlatanism," "plain aberration," "bad faith," "unworthy methods," "shocking demagogism," "baseless and dangerous appeals," "no scruples," "revolutionary and subversive," "horrible glibness," "indecent performance," "Aaron Burr," "shameless," "crazy Socialistic scheme," "blatant insincerity," "hypocritical and dangerous," "howling mobocracy," "shabby tactics," "damning proof of hypocrisy," "hollow and untrustworthy," "duplicity," "shrewd political trickery." "utter untrustworthiness," "dangerous and self-seeking autocrat," "unblushing effrontery," "squalid bandying of words," "no respect for truth."

It is not strange that a journal which vainly endeavors to persuade the country that a candidate for the Presidency, loved and honored as few men in American history have been loved and honored, is a man of "unparalleled viciousness and dishonesty" and is impelled by an "insensate ambition," should succeed in persuading a weak-minded reader to rid the Nation of so dangerous a foe by putting him to death. It is not just to charge any political organization with participation in the guilt of John Schrank. But the spirit of intemperate partisanship which substitutes abuse for discussion is not guiltless. When reputable journals seek by poisoned words to assassinate the reputation of an honored American, a fanatical crank not unnaturally follows with a bullet. This is not surmise; the fact is brought out in Schrank's statement under official examination:

Q.—You are not a member of any party? A.—No, sir. I thought there should be an example of the third term if it should exist any longer. Mr. Grant was refused, and he was satisfied; this man was refused, and he is not satisfied. It's gone beyond limits, if he keeps on doing this after election. He can't possibly carry a solid Western State. The next thing we will have is a civil war, because he will say the scoundrels and thieves and crooks stole my nomination, and now they will steal my election, and they will take up arms in all the Western States. We are facing a civil war just to keep him in a third term, in an illegitimate place.

And in the course of his answers he mentioned by name two New York newspapers.

Speech should be free; public measures and public men should be keenly scrutinized and frankly criticised; immoral character and conduct should be indignantly condemned; but abuse is not criticism. The wholesale vituperation quoted above is no more legitimate campaigning than the dynamiting by the McNamara brothers is legitimate war.

Assassination is not war, whether it be assassination of reputation or assassination of life. The public words and deeds of a public man are, and ought to be, subject to the judgment of his fellow-men, but this judgment should be based on specific words and acts. If the critic of Mr. Roosevelt declares that Mr. Roosevelt has shown his hostility to the Negro race by dismissing from the service a troop of Negro soldiers without trial and in violation of the law, he makes a charge which can be met. Those who believe in Mr. Roosevelt can point to the specific law which gave him authority to dismiss the Brownsville troop, and to the evidence of the troop's participation in the crime for which it was dismissed. The public can read the evidence, hear the arguments, and judge between the accuser and the defender. If the critic of Mr. Roosevelt declares that, in violation of international law and his Constitutional obligations, he recognized the Republic of Panama, the defender of Mr. Roosevelt's Panama policy can give the reasons for his belief that Mr. Roosevelt had Constitutional and legal authority to recognize the Republic of Panama, and that in recognizing that Republic he acted in accordance with international law and in promotion of the rights of an oppressed people. And the reader can consider the facts, weigh the arguments, and decide between the accuser and the defender. But it is as impossible to reply to the vituperation which the Philadelphia "North American" has quoted from the unnamed Tory journal as it would be to reply to the fangs of a rattlesnake.

When Mr. Roosevelt's traducers say that Mr. Roosevelt has himself introduced and sanctioned this kind of campaigning, they say what is not true. Search Mr. Roosevelt's speeches from the beginning to the end of

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this campaign; nowhere is there in them anything analogous to the wholesale abuse to which he has been subjected. When he has accused men of lying he has specified the lie, when he has accused men of fraud he has specified the fraud; and he has accompanied his accusation with a statement of the grounds upon which that accusation is based. It is one thing to affirm that Mr. Taft was nominated by a Convention which was tainted by fraud, and to state the evidence upon which that indictment is based, so that the public can judge whether or not the charge is substantiated: it is quite another thing to charge that the candidate of a great party is "ridiculous," "contemptible," "eager to use fraud," "a dangerous and self-seeking autocrat." Such charges it is possible neither to substantiate nor to refute.

We do not wonder that some eminent journals in seeking to defend themselves are endeavoring to befog the difference between wholesale vituperation and indignant condemnation of specified words and deeds, accompanied with a statement of the evidence on which that condemnation is based. But the distinction is perfectly clear, and the American people understand it. Free discussion of platforms and policies, and of the men who stand upon those platforms and represent those policies, is absolutely essential to democratic government, but such discussion is not promoted, it is thwarted, by the personal abuse and the caricature by pen and pencil with which some partisan journals have sought to inflame the passions of their readers. How absolutely insincere as well as unjust some of this abuse has been is evidenced by the editorial utterances of some of these very journals commending the courage and the character of the man whom in previous issues they had been vilifying.

Campaign orators and campaign newspapers will give to their audiences and readers the kind of food which audiences and readers call for. One great good will come out of the evil if this attempted assassination of Theodore Roosevelt shall lead the American people to call for less heat and more light in political campaigning.

THE WEEK

The Balkan War Last week Turkey declared war against Bulgaria and Servia. This happened instantly on the signing of the peace agreement between Italy and Turkey, described further on. Such was the response to the ultimatums of the Bulgarian and Servian agents at Constantinople. The agents had demanded, on behalf of their southern neighbors and fellow-Christians, the introduction at once of reforms and changes of administration in Macedonia, otherwise there would be war. Turkey finally replied that these demands constituted interference in her internal affairs, and that if war were wanted, well and good, there would be war. Also on the conclusion of the peace agreement between Italy and Turkey several Turkish battle-ships appeared in the Black Sea, carrying Turkish troops to land on the Bulgarian coast. The Turks thus compelled the Bulgarian commanders to divert part of the Balkan army towards the sea from its expected activity to the south of the Balkan Mountains. The Turks also crossed the Servian frontier and engaged the less important Servian army. As regards Montenegro, war has been in progress for a fortnight between that kingdom and Turkey. The past week has witnessed a steady advance of the Montenegrin forces south into Albania and east into Novibazar, the only Turkish territory adjoining Austria. Novibazar also separates Montenegro and Servia. In this district the Montenegrins have, after ten days' fighting, captured the town of Berana and have made about seven hundred Turkish soldiers prisoners, taking fourteen guns and large quantities of ammunition and provisions. Hundreds of prisoners and much ammunition have also been captured by the Montenegrins during the week at the four Turkish fortifications on the road into Albania. After this series of uninterrupted victories the Montenegrin forces in Albania are now encamped about the town of Skutari on the lake of that name. Meanwhile, though Greeks have been fighting Turks on the frontier, war has only just been declared between Turkey and Greece. Turkey has given Greece sufficient provocation by continuing to hold a large number of Greek ships in Turkish waters, with the announced intention of converting them into transports for the Turkish army in case of necessity. This has angered the

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Greeks, and they have now formally admitted deputies from the island of Crete into their Parliament, despite Turkey's repeated warnings that this would be considered a hostile act, Crete being still under the Sultan's nominal suzerainty. Thus, when one considers all the fighting on the Turkish frontier, it is seen that the efforts of the Powers to prevent war have practically failed. Their efforts must now be bent towards localizing it. With Italy once more neutral, the European concert again becomes one of six Powers—England, France, Russia, Germany, Austria, Italy—and the concert receives thereby material strength in dealing with the Balkan question. Most observers conclude that this increase of strength will make the Balkan States, and Turkey as well, more pliable under European pressure. In any event, two opposing forces now face each other, greater in numbers than any in Europe since the battle of Sedan four decades ago.

Turkey and the Balkan States

If the peace between Italy and Turkey is thus important as regards the Powers, it is also important as regards Turkey. The inevitable result of the Tripolitan war was long since appreciated by Turkish statesmen, and they have endeavored to arrange terms of peace. The chief difficulty in the way has been the bellicose attitude of the Turkish people themselves, who have been liberally fed on false reports from Tripoli that the Turkish armies had met with success instead of failure. With the fanatical Mohammedan population in this temper, it would indeed be difficult to arrange terms of peace, and to convince the people that the Italians and not the Turks were the victors. And yet a peace must be consummated soon, if Turkey were to lose not only Tripoli but also the Sporades Islands in the Ægean Sea, for the possession of at least one of the latter was more and more desired by Italy in her desire to become the chief Mediterranean Power. Thus there was an increasing necessity to conclude peace with Italy, and yet to conclude it with the assent of the Turkish people. At this juncture there occurred a greater unrest than usual in the Balkans. The Turks had been brutally oppressing some of the Christian natives of Macedonia and Albania. This had started up a corresponding resentment on the part of their brethren in the border kingdoms of Bulgaria, Servia, and Montenegro. The Turkish Cabinet cleverly took advantage of this situation. With the menace of war from these three kingdoms and Greece, the Turkish people saw that, in order to have a proper number of the Empire's armed forces to meet the enemy at home, they must be withdrawn from meeting an enemy abroad. Hence the people came gradually into a mood in which they would accept some sort of a peace. Whether they will agree to the conditions now announced remains to be seen. That they will be the more induced to do so may be assumed from their relief on the signing of the peace preliminaries, at the freedom from military operations with Italy, at the nullification of Italy's menace to invade Turkish home territory, and at the release of the small Turkish fleet hitherto held inoperative by the great Italian fleet.

The Peace Agreement Between Italy and Turkey

The signing by Italian and Turkish Ambassadors of a peace agreement terminates the Tripolitan war. It also ends Turkish control in North Africa. To be sure, Turkey remains suzerain of Egypt. But that is an empty title, for Turkey was unable to march her troops across Egypt. Tripoli now reverts to Latin sovereignty, and Italy has appropriately changed the name of the country to its name in Roman times—Libya. The conditions of peace, as announced, are as follows:

1. The absolute sovereignty of Italy in Libya, but without formal recognition there of Italy by Turkey.
2. A continuance of the free exercise of religious authority throughout Libya by the Khalif (the Sultan of Turkey).
3. The withdrawal by Turkey of her regular troops from Libya.
4. The payment by Turkey of an indemnity equal to Libya's contributions to the Turkish treasury.
5. The restoration of the captured Sporades—the Ægean Islands—to Turkey, but only with guarantees from Turkey for the well-being of the Christian populations there.
6. An agreement that no indemnity shall be paid by either side toward the cost of the war.
7. The re-establishment of the former diplomatic and commercial relations.

The Tripolitan war has lasted a few days more than a year. The conditions of peace, closing it, bring about important results to Italy. First, they bring Italy to the front as a colonial Power. Italy's little African colonies of Eritrea and Somaliland in the Red Sea region are of

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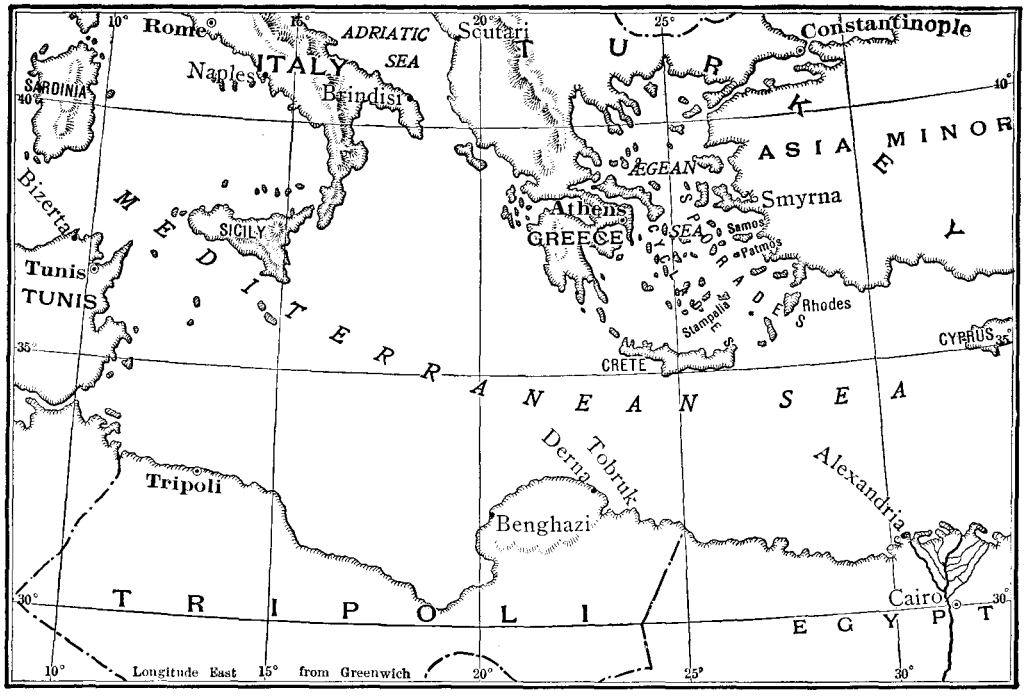

THE REGION COVERED BY THE ITALO-TURKISH PEACE TERMS

small account compared with Libya—a country half a million square miles in area. Moreover, Libya is within a short distance of Sicily; the other colonies are at a considerable distance. Nor is this all. The eleven hundred miles of Libyan coast-line contain some fair harbors, and one, Tobruk, matches Bizerta in Tunis in strategical importance. As a Mediterranean Power, therefore, Italy now ranks with France. Though the Italians hold only the coast towns in Libya, and the wild tribes in the interior are still unconquered, we expect the country one day to be as successfully developed as France has developed Algeria and Tunis. The whole North African shore, therefore, would seem to be now redeemed to civilization. The European prestige of Italy is proportionately increased, especially her power in the Triple Alliance—Germany, Austria, Italy. Nor is this prestige likely to be lessened by the year's drain upon Italian financial resources. Not only has Italy forged to the fore financially, more, proportionately, than has any other European state, but the entire Italian nation has met the test of war in a spirit of striking unanimity, courage, and confidence. Furthermore, whatever may be felt as to the morality of Italy's declaration of war against Turkey, it must be admitted by all that the Italian army and navy have shown themselves entirely worthy to cope with the tasks laid upon them.

Mr. Wilson as a Campaigner

The weaknesses which the stress of the campaign has disclosed in Governor Wilson's power to state facts plainly and to reason logically from undeniable premises must be a source of disappointment to his best friends. We certainly have been disappointed in this respect by many of his campaign speeches. He has stated that any tariff except for revenue is unconstitutional, and has almost immediately added that, if elected President, the tariff will be modified so gradually as not to disturb business, apparently forgetting that unconstitutional procedure must be stopped, not gradually, but instantly; he has asserted that any kind of taxation except for revenue is immoral, apparently forgetting that taxation for the purposes of regulation is an inherent part of our American system, and that if he means what he says about the immorality of regulative taxation he must, as President, make radical and unprecedented changes with regard to the regulation of corporations and of the liquor traffic, the sale of noxious drugs, the

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circulation of "wildcat" State bank notes, and other social dangers which are to a large extent controlled by taxation; and, lastly, as we pointed out in these pages last week—having implied in a public speech at Denver that some of the special interests and trusts were backing Mr. Roosevelt—he has defended his statement by saying that he meant that the trusts were supporting Mr. Roosevelt, not with their money, but with their sympathy. In order not to fall into the same error into which we think he has fallen, of shrouding facts in misty general statements, let us quote his exact language:

> There are some men among them [the trusts] who are members of at least sixty boards of directors of the most important undertakings of the country, and the gentlemen, about thirty, I believe, who constitute the directors of this United States Steel Corporation are so connected, by being presidents or vice-presidents or directors, in the railroad corporations of the country that they control fifty-five per cent of the railways of the United States. These are the gentlemen who are *now backing the programme of the leader of the third party.*

And again from the same speech we quote another still more striking statement by Mr. Wilson:

> I was saying to some of my newspaper companions a little while ago that if I were a cartoonist I would draw a picture of the biggest monopolies of the United States drawn up in line, *and in front Mr. Roosevelt trying to lead them in a hallelujah chorus.*

In all frankness we ask how can there be made a more explicit statement that Mr. Roosevelt and the Progressive party have deliberately framed a policy that shall be highly satisfactory to the special interests?

Mr. Wilson and his Supporters Differ

It is possible that these extraordinary statements by Mr. Wilson are not the products of campaign weakness. It is possible that Mr. Wilson believes them to be accurate, in spite of Mr. Roosevelt's record as Governor of New York on the Ford Franchise Act or as President on the Hepburn Railway Act. But some of Mr. Wilson's stanchest supporters do not accept their accuracy. The New York "Times," for example, courteously calls upon Mr. Wilson to retract his statement if he cannot furnish proofs to substantiate it, and adds:

> What Governor Wilson meant when he said that evidence in support of his statement was coming to him "by way of corroboration every day" in forms that he could not question is not at all clear. If this means that evidence of the Steel Corporation's support of Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy is coming to him, the question would at once be asked why that evidence is not accessible to others, to the newspapers, for instance? . . . Certainly there is no evidence, so far as we know, that the Steel Corporation is helping the Colonel's candidacy.

The most striking criticism, however, of Governor Wilson's allegations appears in an editorial, entitled "Unjust," in the Newark, New Jersey, "Evening News," a paper which is vigorously supporting Mr. Wilson for the Presidency:

> Governor Wilson has several times intimated that the Roosevelt method for trust control was devised by the trusts themselves, and that in their desire to have that plan carried out they are supporting his candidacy.
>
> A good deal of leeway may properly be allowed in a warm political campaign, and assuredly no one expects Governor Wilson to adopt, advertise, and recommend the proposals of his adversary. But we had expected the Governor to draw the line sharply on the safe side of misstatement, and we had not expected him to follow blindly the Roosevelt-haters into their self-contradictory assertion that the worst Roosevelt-haters of all are also his most ardent supporters.
>
> For the rest, it is a simple matter of history that Colonel Roosevelt's dearest foes have been the predatory corporations and their retainers, and that his plan for regulating trusts is one which he has advocated for nine years, and is one which every dishonest corporation fears to the marrow of its bones.

We regret this campaign incident, not because of its patent injustice to Mr. Roosevelt, but because it displays a lack of historical and argumentative accuracy, very common, to be sure, in political stump speakers, but very disappointing in a man of Governor Wilson's training and reputation. We had hoped that he was going to set a higher standard of political debate in this campaign. Mr. Wilson's attitude toward the trusts, it may be added here, was the subject of one of Mr. Roosevelt's recent speeches. He pointed out that Mr. Wilson advocated State control of trusts, and yet as Governor of New Jersey, the creator of more and larger trusts than any other State, he had done nothing to reach these trusts through their charters, or through the prosecution of their officers. The fact that Mr. Wilson did not reply last week to this speech may very reasonably be ascribed to the temporary cessation of discussion following the attempt on Mr. Roosevelt's life.

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The True William Flinn

The enemies of the Progressive party have rung the changes so noisily over the nickname "Boss Flinn" that many people who are entirely ignorant of the facts about the life of ex-State Senator William Flinn, of Pennsylvania, have jumped to the conclusion that he is, or was, a boss of the type of Murphy, Penrose, or Taggart. We commend to the reading of such persons the account of Senator Flinn's personality and history which recently appeared in the "North American," of Philadelphia, an able and straight-speaking journal with an indisputably close knowledge of Pennsylvania political history. It preludes its account by the declaration that, "if the very best of his traducers possessed a fraction of his patriotism, his integrity, his zeal in good causes, and his ability to promote them; if his well-meaning but misinformed critics understood the principles of progressivism as thoroughly, and labored for them as faithfully; if there were four other citizens of this commonwealth who had devoted as much sincere effort as he has to bring about civic betterment, political freedom, and social and industrial justice, Pennsylvania would not so long have been a sunken State, but would have led the Union in progressive government." William Flinn (we condense from the "North American" account) is self-made and self-taught; he began to work at the age of nine and was a contractor at twenty-one; he has always been a developer, an improver. In his early experience with a steel plant, with oil lands, with mines, with a small railway, and even in farming, he studied scientific efficiency, although he probably never heard the phrase. All this led him to hate and despise the men responsible for the waste going on in Pittsburgh in health and money. The political rule of Pittsburgh had been for many years under Christopher Magee; this rule was a political despotism, and in the political sense Magee was a boss, but "it was a benevolent despotism, creative and effective in its operation." It is not necessary to approve Magee's methods, but, as a matter of fact, under his political bossism Pittsburgh, industrially and in its energies as a city, was pushed forward tremendously. There were no "sordid scandals," and, although franchises were given away, they were not sold; there were "no shams, no wringing of tribute from vice, no private licensing of criminals," but there was (as was exceedingly common in other cities at that time) a gratuitous transfer of public privileges to corporate control in return for needed public improvements, and thereby the people were undoubtedly greatly wronged. When Magee died, says the "North American," he was regarded as the most public-spirited and the best-loved citizen of Pittsburgh. Mr. Flinn succeeded to control in 1901, but he quickly made enemies because he fought selfish special interests and promoted progressive ideas, while his way of doing these things was domineering. As a political and municipal director of affairs Flinn's career lasted less than a year. He was emphatically not a boss of the Murphy or the Penrose or even the Magee type. But, it is said, he was a great contractor and made large sums from public as well as private work. This is perfectly true, but it is also perfectly consistent with honest methods and public service. The "North American" asserts with full knowledge that in many years of savage controversy, and with his political enemies in control of the city, no charges of fraud ever lay against Flinn's contracts, and that his worst enemies admit that he never got a contract except through open competition and as the lowest bidder. As time went on he became interested in such reforms as uniform primaries, better election laws, the referendum and recall for cities, good roads, local civil service laws, and from these efforts at improvement he naturally grew toward those policies of social and industrial justice and the betterment of humanity which brought him into sympathy with the National Progressive movement as it developed and became the one great issue of American political life. In line with all this also was his work as Chairman of the Pittsburgh Planning Commission, where he served without pay in promoting playgrounds, recreation centers, smoke prevention, pure water, and much else that goes to make the city a better place to live in. This is the real William Flinn; the picture is the very antithesis of the caricature drawn for the benefit of readers who may naturally be ignorant of the truth. That caricature presents a "brutal and insolent boss" and a "political thug," a being as far removed as night is from day from the sympathetic, earnest, somewhat rough and brusque, worker who has done a splendid work for his city and for his country in furthering industrial advance, political efficiency, and justice as between man and man.

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Campaign Contributions: The Harvester Trust and Mr. Wilson

Cyrus H. McCormick, President of the International Harvester Company, commonly called the Harvester Trust, contributed $12,500 to the primary campaign of Governor Wilson. There would be nothing specially significant about this if it had not been for the remarks of Mr. Wilson, to which we have already referred, in which he intimated that the Trust was supporting Mr. Roosevelt and the Progressive party. It not only appears from the testimony before the Senate Campaign Contributions Committee that the President of the Harvester Trust contributed to Mr. Wilson's primary campaign, but that his brother, Mr. Harold McCormick, according to his cousin, Mr. Medill McCormick, was also for Mr. Wilson. The testimony concerning Mr. Cyrus McCormick's contribution was confirmed by Mr. Cleveland Dodge, who personally testified that he had raised the fund on behalf of Mr. Wilson's candidacy to which Mr. Cyrus H. McCormick contributed. There is absolutely nothing wrong, so far as we can see, about this contribution. There is no intimation that it is given with any expectation of receiving a favor in return. Mr. McCormick has the same right as any other man to contribute to the campaign fund for the candidate in whom he believes. Mr. Wilson, however, attempted to cast reflection upon the Progressive programme by alleging that it received the support of just such men as Mr. McCormick. Either Mr. Wilson must now admit that Mr. McCormick's contribution to the Wilson candidacy casts reflection upon Mr. Wilson's own programme, and that he was in error in his remarks about the "hallelujah chorus" of the Trusts, or else he must admit that a programme for trust regulation should not be judged by the support it receives, but on its own merits. The charges made by inference and innuendo concerning the relation of the Harvester Trust to Mr. Roosevelt, and in one case the charges explicitly made by the Taft campaign manager, have been shown to be exactly contrary to the truth. It so happens that most of the officers and directors of the Harvester Trust are supporting either Mr. Taft or Mr. Wilson. The pro-Wilson papers and pro-Taft papers that have been making much of Mr. Perkins's support of Mr. Roosevelt have found it convenient to make as inconspicuous as possible their report of Mr. McCormick's contribution to Mr. Wilson; but they have not yet had the grace to admit that they have learned a lesson as to the danger of unfair campaigning methods.

The Campaign Contributions: Judge Parker and Mr. Koenig

Two other incidents of interest occurred during the week of testimony before the Senate Campaign Contributions Committee. One was the appearance of Judge Parker, former Democratic Presidential candidate, on the stand. He gave some hearsay testimony consisting of what had been said to him by Daniel S. Lamont, who is dead. It was on Mr. Lamont's statement to him that Mr. Parker based his charges that the Roosevelt campaign managers in 1904 were virtually blackmailing the corporations. Mr. Parker said that in his speech of October 24, 1904, he had not made any charge against Mr. Roosevelt with regard to solicitation of campaign contributions. As a matter of fact, Mr. Parker's charge in that campaign was what we have stated it to be, and he has now himself failed to give any evidence either to substantiate it or to show that there was any reasonable ground for making it originally. The other incident was the testimony of a man named Aronowitz. Last week we reported the fact that Mr. Ogden Mills, in reply to charges of corruption on behalf of Mr. Taft's candidacy in the primary campaign, made counter-charges of crooked work on behalf of the Roosevelt delegates. Mr. Aronowitz, in reply, testified, in substance, that in the district to which Mr. Mills referred, Mr. Koenig, who was the leader of the Taft forces in the county, virtually took over the management of the Roosevelt as well as the Taft side of the campaign; that Mr. Koenig appointed him as the leader of the Roosevelt Committee in the district, and asked him to appoint as captains on the Roosevelt side his own men, and that the supposed Roosevelt watchers in the district were really the Taft leader's own men in disguise. It is only fair to say that the newspapers report Mr. Koenig as denying Mr. Aronowitz's story. It is certain that there was fraud and crooked work done in the primaries of New York. Mr. Aronowitz's story about the attempt to "double cross" the Roosevelt movement is not in itself incredible. It is this sort of thing that had been done again and again in American

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politics, and it is the sort of thing against which there is this year a great uprising.

A Great Naval Spectacle

The greatest naval review in the history of this country and the greatest assemblage of war-vessels that ever took place in river or nearly closed-in bay ended at New York on Tuesday of last week with the passing of the superb fleet down the Hudson River and out to sea—a two-mile-long procession, led by the flagship Connecticut. The review was not only a striking exhibition to the people of the power and efficiency of the American navy, but an object-lesson also to impress the fact that a large modern navy does not mean likelihood of war or temptation to war, but is the most certain guarantee of lasting peace except under unendurable wrong. For Congress it should, moreover, be a warning that niggardliness in naval construction is fatal to American standing among the navies of the world. Strong and fine as it is, our navy should be stronger; and it is absolutely essential that its increase for the future should be planned scientifically and intelligently—a method which Congress is only too prone to ignore. We agree with President Taft in his speech on this occasion that to favor arbitration and to defend the building up of a strong navy are perfectly consistent policies. As a beautiful spectacle the long line of "dreadnoughts," lesser battle-ships, cruisers, torpedo destroyers and boats, submarines, gunboats, and even colliers, was impressive; the firing of salutes, the waving of flags, the review by the President of the United States, and the illumination at night pleased and interested many thousands of people. The statistics of the fleet indicate the great extent of this naval mobilization. There were gathered 127 ships of all classes, with 1,300 officers and 27,000 men. Most prominent among the war-ships were the new battle-ships Arkansas and Wyoming, which are "dreadnoughts" of 26,000 tons each. Altogether there were thirty-one battle-ships, four armored cruisers, four ordinary cruisers, twenty-two torpedo-destroyers, sixteen torpedo-boats, and ten submarines. The formalities and ceremonies of the occasion as between the naval commanders, the visiting party from Washington, and the city officials were observed elaborately, while ordinary citizens to the number of many thousands were received as visitors on board the fleet, and also had the opportunity of viewing a shore parade. Altogether the occasion will long remain memorable both for the metropolis and for the navy.

New York's New Education Building

The new building in Albany for the New York State Education Department was dedicated last week with elaborate exercises. A number of notable addresses were made by men of prominence in the educational field. The building, which has both dignity and beauty, faces the north side of the State House, and is constructed of white marble, terra cotta, and granite. Its front, 660 feet, is a great colonnade, with thirty-six massive marble columns. One of the speakers called attention to the fact that it had been built within the contract price and without scandal of any kind, a statement which the State will read with relief, but which is in itself humiliating. The educational work of the State was unified eight years ago. Mr. Reid, the American Ambassador to Great Britain, who is the Chancellor of the University, called attention to the fact that, although the State Library was destroyed by fire last year with some losses which are irreparable, a large working library has already been collected, the State having appropriated a million dollars for that purpose last winter and pledging itself to the further appropriation of three-quarters of a million for the same purpose during the coming winter. The former library was rich in manuscripts, in the old records of the Dutch government from Peter Stuyvesant's day, in the papers of Sir William Johnson, and in records relating to the early history of the State. Fortunately, a considerable part of these documents were saved in a more or less damaged condition. The State Library is not simply a collection of books for experts; it lends books, either singly or in the form of traveling libraries, to every nook and corner of the State. It is not a local circulating library; it is a great collection of books which are at the service of the citizens of the State. In less than two years after its destruction by fire it has already not less than three hundred and fifty thousand volumes; and its usefulness is evidenced by the enormous correspondence with which it has to cope from every corner of the State and from all parts of the country.

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The Progress of Woman's Suffrage

To-day all the political parties are recognizing equal suffrage as a live issue. The National and most of the State platforms of the Progressive and Socialistic parties declare for it. In addition, the following political indorsements of equal suffrage have recently been made: by the Democratic State Convention in Connecticut; by the three parties in Montana; by the Republican Convention in New Jersey; by the Democratic party in Nevada; by three of the parties in Pennsylvania. Eighty years ago no woman in the United States could vote for anything. To-day the women in all but seventeen States (thirteen of the seventeen being east of the Mississippi River) have some form of suffrage—school, taxpayers, bond issue, municipal, or full suffrage. One million one hundred and sixty thousand women in the States of Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Idaho, Washington, and California now have full suffrage, and from seventy-five to ninety-nine per cent exercise that right. As an indication of the kind of laws upon which women voters are concentrating their attention and work, it is interesting to note that the following laws are on their programme for the coming legislative term in the State of Washington: a minimum wage law, an anti-child labor law, a mothers' pension law, a law providing for equal co-guardianship of children, a law establishing vocational training in public schools and other State institutions, and the repeal of two obnoxious laws which are believed to work injustice towards women and girls, namely, the Corroborative Evidence Law and the Double Standard Law. A common opinion in those communities where women vote seems to be that the women take their suffrage responsibilities seriously. In many regions where women have the suffrage the voting booths have been taken from such places as tobacco shops and put in some instances in the school-house, or, as has been done in Los Angeles, in the churches. It is undeniable that the act of voting by this means assumes a new dignity for both women and men. A California correspondent writes of seeing a young couple come to the polling-place wheeling baby in his go-cart. The mother stepped inside first, leaving the father in charge of the baby, and, having cast her vote, came out to relieve him of the baby while he voted. In a very few minutes the family party, having performed its civic duty, moved on. In California the Women's Suffrage Clubs, having accomplished their original purpose, have now reorganized as civic clubs for the study of public questions upon which the women may now cast their ballot. The avowed purpose of many of these clubs is not only to promote progressive legislation, but to fight against such reactionary movements as the threatened attack on the Eight-Hour Labor Law for Women. These facts illustrate the truth that the suffrage is a duty involving more than the dropping of a paper in the box; and that, although women in several States are assuming the burden of the suffrage cheerfully, it is not merely a privilege but a very real responsibility.

The Suffrage Campaign in Five States

The adoption of woman's suffrage by the States of Washington and California has trebled the suffrage vote in this country, and has brought the entire movement into a very much more prominent public position. The success of the suffragists in these two States has greatly strengthened the well-organized and vigorous campaign for woman's suffrage in five other States, where the question will be voted upon on the Presidential election day. These five States are as follows: 1. Michigan, where woman's suffrage has the active support of the State Federation of Labor, the Grange, and of Governor Osborne, but is opposed by the powerful liquor interests. 2. Wisconsin, where the public-spirited La Follette family are campaigning through the State in its favor. The Scandinavians of northern Wisconsin are practically a unit for woman's suffrage, having been accustomed to parliamentary suffrage for women in Norway; but the Germans of southern Wisconsin are indifferent or opposed, since they still hold to the restricted ideas of "woman's sphere" generally entertained in Germany, where that sphere has been called epigrammatically "church, kitchen, and children." The brewery interests of Wisconsin are also opposed to woman's suffrage. 3. Kansas, where the support of the farmers and the Grange is solidly for woman's suffrage and where women have had municipal suffrage for twenty-five years. 4. Oregon, bounded by three suffrage States, where the sentiment is reported as decidedly for woman's suffrage. 5. Arizona, where, despite the refusal of the Legislature to submit the issue to the electorate, it will come to vote, through the right

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of initiative petition, and where it is supported by Governor Hunt. The issue is clouded, however, in Arizona by factional fights which lessen the chances for the success of the suffragists. Of these five States the suffrage organization feels confident of winning two, Kansas and Oregon. Should they meet reverses in the other three States, they believe that the defeat will only be a temporary one. The press of these five States is, on the whole, supporting woman's suffrage, many papers, like the influential Portland "Oregonian," having swung from their apathy or opposition into active support. The suffrage campaigners have had very little money to spend, and the movement has been carried on in large part by voluntary services offered both by men and women. The suffragists believe that it was the influence of the liquor interests, and the expenditure by them of large sums of money, which accomplished the defeat of the Equal Suffrage amendment in Ohio in the month of September. In this Presidential year the States where equal suffrage is already established (California, Colorado, Idaho, Utah, Washington, and Wyoming) control thirty-seven electoral votes. A President might easily be seated by as narrow a margin as this. It is therefore not a matter of surprise that woman's suffrage has ceased to be an academic question and is to-day a very practical and human issue.

Penny Arcades

While the moving-picture show has been the subject of much debate and some efficient regulation in recent years, one of its cousins—the penny arcade—has been neglected. The penny arcade is a cheap substitute for the moving picture. It contains a number of stereoscopic machines which may be operated by a handle or other mechanical means when a penny is dropped into a slot. A recent study by a special representative of The Outlook of the penny arcades in New York City, where conditions are believed to be typical of those in many other cities, indicates that these penny picture shows are usually a source of civic demoralization. Although morbid portrayals of crime and executions seem to be decreasing, all but one of the arcades examined had some pictures that were morally coarse, indecent, or suggestive. Young people of both sexes undeniably are morally and physically tainted by such pictures as "The Sheath-Gown Girl," an especially vulgar one which our representative found in several places; or "Poses from Life for the Artist;" or "A Chorus Girl Preparing for Her Act," and many others of a similar nature. One machine displayed a set of pictures representing a "Burlesque Queen," half dressed and draped in an American flag. Pictures of this kind are chiefly photographs or their reproductions made in studios of the baser sort. An especially brazen arcade which deserves summary suppression was found at Coney Island, for in this particular arcade every machine contains pictures which are either grossly vulgar or positively indecent, and yet they were found surrounded by groups of young men and young women of a type too common at Coney Island. Under a city ordinance the Bureau of Licenses can act where evidence is given that indecent pictures are being shown, either by revoking the license under which the arcade operates or by forcing its owner to close down until the objectionable pictures are removed.

A Substitute for the Penny Arcade

Several powerful forces are now crowding the once numerous and frequented penny arcades to the wall, some of these are Nation-wide forces. The loss of novelty is one, for the arcades have made little progress of any kind in the past few years, and many of their patrons soon tire of them. In New York there is a city ordinance, worthy of being copied everywhere, which prohibits the entrance of children under sixteen unattended by parent or guardian, and this cuts off the most profitable customers the arcade owner would otherwise catch. This provision is generally enforced as soon as any clear violation can be detected, as the arcade is usually open to the street. Best of all, the moving-picture shows are destroying the penny arcades, not only taking away the younger children, but their elders also. The public has learned that it does not get a fair return for its money at the penny arcade, since for the payment of a nickel a spectator can sit an hour or so looking at what are often excellent pictures in the moving-picture shows. The result has been in New York City that no new automatic penny picture shows are being established, and the fifty penny arcades of a few years ago have dwindled to about ten to-day. Large sections that formerly had several are rid of them entirely at the present time. The populous One Hundred and Twenty-fifth

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Street district and the Jewish section centering in Grand Street have seen every one of their penny arcades closed absolutely. Fourteenth Street possesses but one resort which has automatic pictures, and the Bowery, not long ago the home of the glittering penny vaudeville, has to-day but two seedy specimens. That is a good sign. For, at best, the arcades have slight public value. Any new legislation affecting moving pictures in general, in New York or in other cities, should not fail to contain a clause prohibiting children under sixteen years from entering at least the penny shows. These penny arcades should draw no breath of life at the expense of the children.

A Vigorous Diplomatist

The Right Hon. James Bryce, British Ambassador to the United States, and an Englishman who has the warm affection of the country to which he is accredited, is in several ways one of the most notable men of his time. He is in his seventy-fifth year. That does not make him an old man by modern standards; but it is an age at which the majority of even energetic men are content to rest on their achievements and to maintain the standard of their work. Mr. Bryce is a man of another temper; he does not furl his sail and seek the harbor now that the afternoon has come. Nearly half a century ago he published his standard history of "The Holy Roman Empire," a work of erudition and of interest as well. That was followed, in 1888, by his "American Commonwealth," the most exhaustive, authoritative, and thoroughly intelligent explanation of the American Government, the American political ideas, and the American character which has appeared. In addition to these intellectual feats he performed various physical feats which won him, thirteen years ago, the presidency of the Alpine Club. He had previously climbed Mount Ararat, and had made the final ascension alone. Last summer he visited those experiment stations in democracy, Australia and New Zealand, returning last month. He has just published the most interesting account which has yet appeared of South America, a sturdy octavo volume, packed with the results of close observation and careful thinking; and two weeks ago he made a journey of twenty-five miles in an air-ship. This is a record of physical activity, mental vigor, and industry which explain the extraordinary postion Mr. Bryce holds in the regard of the whole English-speaking world.

THE PROGRESSIVE MOVEMENT

VII—WHY A NEW PARTY?

Why do you wear a necktie? If a man were asked that question, he would probably find it difficult to answer. He could say that ever since he was a boy he has been in the habit of wearing a necktie; that the people with whom he associates wear neckties; that if he did not wear a necktie he would feel uncomfortable and conspicuous; that if he stopped wearing a necktie he would have to explain why he did so; that his father wore a necktie and that he expects his sons to wear neckties; that he has no objection to those who do not wear neckties, that he has no doubt that there are many good men who do not wear neckties, but that for his own part he prefers to wear a necktie and will continue to do so.

That is about the sort of answer which a great many men would give if you asked them to look into their own minds and really find out why they are Republicans or Democrats. Of course the man who wears a necktie might say that he believes in the principle of wearing a necktie; so many a man says he believes in the principles of the Republican party or the Democratic party, as the case may be; but in most such instances the principles of the Democratic party or of the Republican party have as little definite meaning as the principle of wearing a necktie. At most such a man usually means that he likes and admires the sort of men who are Democrats or who are Republicans, or at least that he finds them congenial.

Now suddenly this year there have appeared thousands upon thousands of men who call themselves neither Republicans nor Democrats, but Progressives. If you should ask any one of these why he is a Progressive, he would be very likely to give you fairly definite reasons. He certainly has some definite reasons, whether he can express them or not; for he became a Progressive, not by inheritance, since until this year there was no Progressive party; nor because of his environments, since the Progressive party has come into existence, and could come into existence, only by the voluntary action of thousands upon thousands of just such men as he. He will be able to tell you, in a general way at least, what it was that made him a Progressive, and describe in a general way the Progressives' political faith.

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This is a new thing in America—a great party representative of all classes, that is attached to a definite set of political principles. It is not a new thing in most, if not all, other countries where the people vote. In England, in France, in Germany, even in Russia, the people are divided into parties according to their political convictions. On the one hand, there are those who call themselves Conservatives. They believe that the most important thing is to preserve the old institutions and the old traditions which during the generations have made the country what it is; they believe that the greatest virtue in the government is stability and order, and the greatest dangers arise from innovation and any sort of disturbance; when the innovations come and are adopted, these Conservatives accept them as part of the order of society, and adopt them among the institutions that need to be preserved. On the other side are those who call themselves Liberals or Progressives. They believe that the most important thing is to see that the institutions of the country are made flexible and are adapted to the changing conditions of life; they believe that the greatest virtue in the government is this ability to meet new questions promptly and to solve the problems of the people as they arise, and that the greatest dangers arise from the policy that allows wrongs and evils to accumulate without remedy; and when one new measure is adopted these Liberals are not contented with the achievement, but use it rather as a step upon which to mount to a new level. The Conservatives of one year may urge measures which the Liberals of earlier days have advocated; but the Conservatives advocate them as a defense of the national inheritance, whereas the Liberals advocate them as new acquisitions. The Conservatives are primarily interested in custom and law and constitutional safeguards; the Liberals are primarily concerned with those things which make for hardship or ease, injustice or fair dealing, in the lives of the common men, women, and children.

In this country there has been no such distinction between Conservatives and Liberals so far as party lines are observed. Sometimes the Democratic party has seemed to be a Liberal party, as it was under Bryan; sometimes a Conservative party, as it was under Parker. Sometimes the Republican party has seemed to be a Conservative party, as it was under Harrison; sometimes a Liberal party, as under Roosevelt. Sometimes, as under Cleveland and McKinley, the Democratic and Republican parties respectively have seemed to be partly Liberal, partly Conservative. As a matter of fact, neither party has been a Liberal party or Conservative party. There have been influences at work in America to make the difference between Liberal and Conservative obscure, to distribute Liberals and Conservatives between both parties. The difference between the Democratic and Republican parties has been described in an essay by William Garrott Brown. It is the distinction between theory and practice, between idealism and efficiency, between those who are chiefly interested in doctrines and those who are chiefly interested in deeds. To quote Mr. Brown's own words, "Aspiration and Utopianism against purpose and opportunism, genius and eccentricity against common sense and self-interest, the universal and the visionary against the specific and the practical, the kingdom of the air against the kingdom of the earth—such I conceive to be the perpetual antagonism of parties." Each party has had the virtues and defects of its qualities. The idealist is likely to be doctrinaire and impractical; the efficient is likely to be materialistic and opportunist. So we have had in this country, with some exceptions, the impractical and the idealistic Liberals and Conservatives grouped in the Democratic party, and the materialistic and the efficient Liberals and Conservatives grouped in the Republican party.

Within the past few years, however, there has been a new movement among the American people. It is a movement that corresponds to that which is to be found in countries all over the world. It is the Liberal or Progressive movement. It has been discernible in both the Republican and Democratic parties. It has been strong in its advocacy of a freer government, and of a more equal chance for all sorts of men. In the Democratic party it has had the leadership of Mr. Bryan, and there it has shown the Democratic qualities of idealism and of doctrinairism. In the Republican party it has had the leadership of such men as Mr. La Follette and Mr. Roosevelt, and there it has shown the Republican qualities of practicality and efficiency. On behalf of freer government it has stood for direct nominations, for the initiative, the referendum, and the recall. On behalf of a more equal chance (as Mr. Roosevelt phrased it,

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"the square deal") it has stood for the regulation of the railways, for Conservation, for inheritance taxes, for a workmen's compensation law, pure food laws, the prohibition of child labor.

During the seven years while Mr. Roosevelt was President this Progressive movement gradually became dominant in the Republican party and in the Nation, and was recognized by the name of the "Roosevelt Policies." Though powerful leaders—Aldrich, Cannon, and the rest—resisted it, at the end of seven years it had made a substantial record in the laws of Congress and in the acts of the Executive; and, what is more important, it was upheld by an overwhelming public opinion.

President Taft, pledged by his own words to clinch the Roosevelt policies, allowed the reactionaries to rise into power, and the Progressive leaders became "Insurgents." As soon as it had a chance, public opinion expressed itself by repudiating the reactionary leadership of the Taft Administration, and transferred as far as it could the leadership in the Nation from the Republicans to the Democrats.

For two years the Democrats have had a chance, and what does the record show? A party divided between Progressives and reactionaries, but under reactionary leadership in Congress. The Democratic House is ruled by the majority of the Democratic secret caucus under the leadership of Underwood and Fitzgerald, both of whom represent the Conservative or reactionary wing of the party.

So the Progressive movement, on behalf of freer government and fairer conditions of life, has been seeking a home first in one party and then in the other, but has found it in neither.

This condition of affairs has been, of course, satisfactory to the Conservatives of both parties, and especially to those Conservatives whose special interest would be disturbed by any Progressive innovation. The rank and file of a party may be dominantly Progressive, but the Conservatives are of course satisfied so long as conservatism is in the position of power.

If the Liberals or Progressives were to succeed in controlling the Republican party, the new movement would couple its own idealism with the Republican trait of efficiency. If the new movement were to control the Democratic party, it would be in danger of becoming merely idealistic and impractical.

The Progressive movement, however, did succeed in enlisting the great majority of the rank and file in the Republican party. This was proved by the primary last spring. But, by means repugnant to popular rule, the party managers defeated the will of the rank and file and kept the reactionaries in control. Then the Conservatives in control of the Democratic party saw the opportunity of winning Progressive votes, and, after proving at Baltimore that they had the mastery of the Democratic machinery, conceded a Progressive nominee but retained the control of the party itself.

This, then, was the situation as it existed at the beginning of the present campaign: the Republican party, the party of efficiency, Progressive in its membership, but under the command of the reactionaries; the Democratic party, the party of theories, partly Progressive in its membership, presenting a theoretical Progressive as its nominee, but dominated by Conservatives and reactionaries.

No one who thinks clearly could see in that situation any chance for a clear-cut issue between Conservatives and Progressives, or any chance that those things which Progressives the world over believe, the things that make for freer government and for fairer conditions of life, could through the victory of either party be themselves really victorious.

Then it was that what appeared to be disaster was turned to opportunity. The Progressive movement, that had been a shuttlecock between the two old parties, became independent of both the old parties, and, under the leadership of the man who as President has done more than any one else to give this Progressive movement momentum and power, became organized as an independent and separate party, the Progressive party.

Into this new party have come Republicans, Democrats, and Independent voters. Without regard to past affiliations, they believe that the greatest danger to the country comes from resistance to needed change, and that the greatest service that can be rendered to the country consists in securing changes that will make government freer and living conditions more just.

So we have to-day three great parties. One, the Republican, avowedly conservative, resisting change and inheriting the

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materialism, if not the efficiency, of its own past history. The second, the Democratic, still theoretical and doctrinaire, propounding theories as to States' rights and the Constitutionality of the tariff that have little bearing upon the practical questions of the day, and, as formerly, neither frankly Conservative nor frankly Progressive, but willing to be both at once or by turns, and finding no discomfort in accepting the leadership of three such men as Woodrow Wilson, Champ Clark, and Oscar Underwood. Third, the Progressive, presenting a definite programme in the form of a contract with the people, combining the idealism that is inevitable in every Liberal movement with the efficiency that it has acquired through former party associations of its most effective leaders, looking upon every question not in the light of tradition or precedent but in the light of the needs of the people of to-day, recognizing in every issue both the need for adherence to principle and the need for common sense in its application. We may say, therefore, that the Republican party is the party of materialism and conservatism, that the Democratic party is the party of theories and compromise, and that the Progressive party is the party of efficiency and progress.

The three candidates correspond closely to the parties they represent. Mr Taft has defended his Administration in terms of material prosperity and has based his political arguments on resistance to change; he thus fairly represents the materialistic standards and the conservative spirit of the party. Mr. Wilson has been discussing political theories, especially theories with regard to the trusts and the tariff and their relation to the Constitutional powers of the States, but without any suggestion as to practical application that would strongly alienate either the Progressives or the Conservatives. He thus fairly represents the liking for theory and the willingness to compromise characteristic of his party. Mr. Roosevelt has been doing in this campaign what he has done in all the course of his public life. His opponents have found fault with him because he is a preacher and also because he is a practical man. As leader of the party he has been a preacher, and the Progressive platform fairly represents what he has preached. As the leader of the Progressive party he has been a practical man, and the existence of the party itself, created within the last four months, is witness to that. He thus fairly represents both the idealism and the efficiency that are characteristic of the new party.

Those voters who are natural Conservatives should vote the Republican ticket; those voters who have no pronounced convictions but are interested in political opinions and theories ought to vote the Democratic ticket; those voters who believe in the efficient application of Progressive ideals to the actual conditions of life to-day should vote the Progressive ticket.

WINSTON CHURCHILL AND IRISH HOME RULE

Winston Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty in the British Cabinet, is a ready speaker. Indeed, some critics have accused him, as they accused his father, Lord Randolph Churchill, of having a fatal facility of speech. The younger Churchill's speeches, however, if often flamboyant, are generally very readable. In manner they do not "mince matters," and they are as full of "punch" as they are of "pepper and salt." In matter, too, they are sometimes noteworthy.

One such speech was that delivered recently at Dundee, Scotland, the text of which has now arrived in this country. Its natural corollary indicates an ingenious way out of the Home Rule difficulty.

The latest Irish Home Rule Bill is now in the last stage of its struggle in the House of Commons, from which it is expected to emerge triumphant, only to meet defeat in the House of Lords. A principal reason for its expected defeat is the attitude of the people of Ulster—the northernmost of Ireland's four provinces. Most of Ireland is agricultural and Roman Catholic; Ulster is industrial and, in comparison, Protestant. Ulster does not want to be ruled from Dublin—as it says it would be if the Irish Home Rule Bill became law—but from London. Indeed, Ulster would rather fight than submit to a Dublin rule. "Self-government is all very well," say the Scotch-Irish in the north of Ireland. "Let the rest of Ireland have it. Geographically we may be a part of the rest of Ireland. But racially, economically, religiously, we are not. We propose to say who shall rule us, and, if self-government is to be the fashion, we are quite able to rule ourselves."

From this Mr. Churchill made the follow-

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ing "excursion." First he discussed the bearing of the Irish bill upon the general question of a federal system for the United Kingdom. That system could be applied to Scotland and Wales as well as to Ireland. But when England was considered a difficulty arose, and this furnished Mr. Churchill with the second feature of his speech. England was so great and populous, asserted Mr. Churchill, that a workable federal system in the islands would involve the division of England into several self-governing areas—Lancashire, Yorkshire, the Midlands, Greater London, etc.

But, objects the London "Times" in commenting on Mr. Churchill's proposals, "by insisting that Lancashire and Yorkshire need separate Parliaments, for various grave and weighty reasons, he has totally knocked the bottom out of every argument for placing Protestant Ulster under the same local Parliament as the Roman Catholic south of Ireland. There are no differences between Lancashire and Yorkshire, or between either of these and the Midlands, that can for a single instant be compared with the differences that divide north and south in Ireland." Very likely not. And very likely the clever Mr. Churchill sees that the only equitable solution of the Irish problem is a separate local government for Ulster; and, in order to lead up to it with the least friction, he proposes local government for similar areas in England.

Certainly this second scheme of devolution into large areas has one thing to recommend it in contrast with the first scheme of devolution into Irish, Scotch, and Welsh Parliaments, for the more numerous the new legislative bodies, the easier it would be to keep them to purely local matters. They are sorely needed, for the Imperial Parliament's time is unwarrantably occupied by a host of trivial matters, which could be better legislated upon by local bodies.

But, objects the London "Spectator," no federated state has ever been formed by devolution. No? How about this country's formation by the division of Virginia into Virginia and West Virginia? by the division of Dakota into North and South Dakota? Our own California has extended home rule to its own counties. Federation may be accomplished by evolution or devolution. Great Britain might go even further into the domain of federalism. It could conceivably make its present Parliament truly Imperial, and in it representatives from Canada, Australia, South Africa, and New Zealand would then have their place quite as properly as those from England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. The United States has profited so often from the experience of Great Britain that Americans would find special gratification if in this matter of federalism Great Britain would profit from the experience of the United States.

A PROPHET AMONG DIPLOMATISTS[1]

Dr. Williams's book on the first Chinese mission to foreign Powers makes its appearance at a time when the foreign policy of the United States is, so to speak, under fire from foreign critics, many of whom base their judgment of its spirit and quality, not on its historical record, but on certain general and persistent misconceptions of the American character. The other trading nations of the world have so long indulged themselves in the ancient tale of the American commercial spirit that some of them have come to believe that the distorted America of the old European vision is the real America of to-day. If our critics had merely agreed that in their opinion the act recently passed by Congress relating to the Panama Canal violated the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, there would have been no objection on this side of the water; but the indecent haste with which most of the foreign journals rushed to the conclusion that there was behind this measure a malignant determination to violate faith, and an expression of the persistent lack of manners in the United States, goes far beyond Mr. Lowell's humorous charge of a certain condescension in foreigners, and becomes another evidence of the persistent injustice of certain foreigners in judging this country.

One of the English papers, in a severe condemnation of the provision in the Panama Bill to which reference has been made, spoke of it as an exception to the "honorable course of American foreign diplomacy." Such a concession is the more welcome because it was unexpected.

The story of American diplomacy is, as a matter of fact, a story of advancing ideals of foreign relations between countries. It is a record of honorable dealing, often of helpful

[1] Anson Burlingame and the First Chinese Mission to Foreign Powers. By Frederick Wells Williams. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

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friendship. Among the prophets of this larger and nobler view of international relations, Anson Burlingame holds a first place. He did not accomplish what he hoped to; it was too early in the modern history of China. It was also too early in the modern history of England and the United States. But the greater credit attaches to him because his work was prophetic rather than practical; because he struck a great note in the relations of the East and West; and because, with magnificent faith and glowing speech, he set before the world a new and higher ideal of international intercourse. Time has not only justified Mr. Burlingame's faith, but has to a very considerable extent put into practice the policy which he urged with an eloquence born of deep conviction. What Mr. Burlingame stood for forty years ago Mr. Hay adopted as the principle which should govern the United States in its relations with China.

The story of the diplomatic career of this "man of honor and peace," as Prince Kung described him, is not only one of the most creditable chapters in the history of America, but was, in fact, one of those splendid adventures of the spirit which it is the peculiar and lasting distinction of men of prophetic mind to make in the world of affairs. Anson Burlingame was a man of great vigor of character, notable personal magnetism, and ardent imagination. He was trained as a lawyer and early attained prominence in the politics of Massachusetts; was a leader in the great debate which preceded the war between the States; made himself the fiery defender of Sumner after the brutal attack by Brooks; and, in a purely patriotic spirit and from the highest motives, accepted the challenge which Brooks sent him, only to find that he was dealing with a bully; was so outspoken a champion of Hungary and Sardinia that he could not be sent as Minister to Vienna; and accepted the position of Minister to China in 1862, when that country was in the throes of a domestic rebellion after a recent bitter experience of defeat by foreign invaders. The conditions were difficult, not only in China, but in this country; for the nation was discredited at the moment by the disasters which marked the opening of the Civil War. Mr. Burlingame took with him the determination, not only to maintain the right attitude toward the Chinese Government, but to win its confidence by frankness and good feeling—the most prominent characteristics of the man. At a time when Western diplomacy in the East meant a consistent endeavor to take every possible advantage of superior strength and a wider knowledge of modern conditions, Mr. Burlingame claimed the commercial rights accorded the United States by treaty, but refrained from asking for concessions of territory in the treaty ports or in any way interfering with the jurisdictions of the Chinese Government over its own people or threatening the territorial integrity of the Empire, abstained from participation in its internal struggles, treated the Chinese Government at all times as if it were acting in good faith, and endeavored to secure among the representatives of the foreign Powers in China a basis of forbearance and union.

This view of the way in which the Chinese ought to be treated by foreigners was at variance with that held by many of the foreign commercial interests represented in the Empire. China was a country to be exploited by foreign capital, and any attempt to treat it as a representative nation was regarded as a menace to business and an interference with vested interests. So at the very beginning of his career Mr. Burlingame found himself antagonized by what foreigners who live in Oriental countries are apt to call expert knowledge of the country, by large business interests, by the skepticism and rule-of-the-thumb ideas of foreign relations held by many people at home, by the inability of the Chinese Government to speak for its own people and to enforce its own policies, and by the general ignorance and indifference in this country. He was not alone in China, for there were diplomatists of imagination there; but to the foreigners with whom he was associated and who were interested in China he became almost from the start a visionary man, and therefore a dangerous man.

He was from the very beginning passionately opposed to the idea that the only way to deal with the Chinese was to treat them as inferiors. In "Eothen" Mr. Kinglake describes his own unsuccessful endeavors to secure certain privileges from a local Turkish authority, and the turning of defeat into victory by his dragoman, who put his muddy feet on the delicate cover of a sofa. This expression of superiority brought the Turk to his senses. This is a good symbol of the old way of dealing with the Oriental, from which Mr. Burlingame made an instant and radical departure. The old view was, "The Chinese are

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conceited barbarians and must be forced into our civilization." Neither Sir Robert Hart, the able Englishman whose loyalty to the higher interests of China was proved through many vicissitudes, nor Sir Frederick Bruce, the British Minister to China, agreed with this policy; but it was reserved for Mr. Burlingame not only to define the new view in its general scope, but to interpret it, both in America and Europe, with persuasive eloquence; and Dr. Williams probably does not go too far when he says that the American Minister was the defender who "more than any other saved China in the period of her greatest peril from the sort of national shipwreck which Korea has met in recent years."

The story of the Mission may be briefly told. China was in great difficulty, and the officials of the Government determined to send an embassy to the Christian Powers to explain the situation and to ask for patience and forbearance. Prince Kung, the most influential man in China, had recognized Mr. Burlingame's sense of fairness in international dealings and was convinced of his real friendship for China; and Mr. Burlingame was offered the extraordinary position of Special Representative of the oldest empire in the world to the governments of the West. Accepting this extraordinary embassy, Mr. Burlingame came first to this country, and was received with the greatest cordiality—more, it may be suspected, because the country was gratified that an American should be selected for such a position than because his spirit and policy were understood. He declared at the outset that the Mission meant peace and the unification of the interests of China with the whole human race; and he declared, with oratorical fervor, "The fraternal feeling of four hundred millions of people has commenced to flow through the land of Washington to the elder nations of the West, and it will flow on forever." Later, after the eloquent Ambassador had died, the misunderstandings and jealousies of foreign Powers, the disorder in China, the question of immigration in this country, had eclipsed this bright vision, and it was the habit to speak of Mr. Burlingame as if he had been the victim of an unfounded optimism. In the light of to-day it is clear that he was not a temperamental optimist, but the prophet of a new time.

In England, where the selfish aggressive policy of Lord Palmerston had just been succeeded by a wider and juster policy of international relations, Mr. Burlingame found a cordial welcome. In Paris he was treated with courtesy, but his mission did not receive serious attention, and his position was bitterly criticised. "It is simply pandering to the bigotry and self-conceit of the Chinese rulers to treat them, under all circumstances and without any reservation, as intelligent human beings," wrote one critic, who was an exponent of the old doctrine that a heathen country has no rights which a Christian country is bound to respect. Mr. Burlingame was not only in advance of European opinion, but he was also in advance of Chinese opinion; and in nothing are the vigor of his character and the nobility of his aim more impressively brought out than in the confidence with which he held to his work between a hostile West and a doubting and uncertain China. He had espoused the cause of a great people whose development had been arrested, whose ignorance of modern conditions and modern weapons had placed them at the mercy of the Western peoples, to urge forbearance and sympathy with the struggle of the progressive leaders for larger liberty and for human betterment; and to-day his judgment of China has been as fully vindicated as was his conviction that the time had arrived for fair and generous dealing.

He secured very important concessions from the United States and from Great Britain; he was listened to with attention by Bismarck, who declared that the sympathy of the German people was with China, and that their desire was to cultivate the most friendly relations with that country. The Czar was exceptionally cordial and gracious to him; but the long, arduous work of the Mission, the strain on his spirit as well as on his body, brought that Mission and the envoy's life to an end in February, 1870. The meaning of his Mission, Dr. Williams tells us, was misunderstood by the West, and the expectations it aroused were exaggerated; but to-day his faith in China is justified, and the principle of international intercourse of which he was the prophet has been followed with signal success by the American Government. Like Commodore Perry, his name, instead of being the synonym for strife, stands for peace and good will between the Far East and the Far West. A larger fame awaits him as the full measure of his great service becomes more clear.

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FOLLOWING THE CAMPAIGN

A WEEKLY DIGEST OF POLITICAL OPINION AS EXPRESSED BY PEOPLE AND NEWSPAPERS

IS MR. ROOSEVELT CONSISTENT?

Many persons have asked whether Mr. Roosevelt's present views are the same as those formerly held by him. The following parallel columns will, we think, show where Mr. Roosevelt's views remain the same and where his present views are a natural evolution from his earlier opinions. In some cases the quotation is taken from the Progressive platform as stating, though not in his own words, views which Mr. Roosevelt holds.—THE EDITORS.

LABOR UNIONS

VERY great good has been and will be accomplished by associations or unions of wage-workers, when managed with forethought, and when they combine insistence upon their own rights with law-abiding respect for the rights of others.

President's Message, beginning of 1st session, 57th Congress.

We favor the organization of the workers, men and women, as a means of protecting their interests and promoting progress.

Progressive Platform.

TRUSTS

I think I speak for the great majority of the American people when I say we are not in the least against wealth as such, whether individual or corporate; that we merely desire to see any abuse of corporate or combined wealth corrected or remedied; that we do not desire abolition or destruction of the big corporations, but, on the contrary, recognize them as being in many cases efficient economical instruments, the results of an inevitable progress of economic evolution, and only desire to see them regulated and controlled so far as may be necessary to subserve the public good.

Speech at Milwaukee, April 3, 1903.

Our aim is to control business, not strangle it. Our aim is to promote prosperity, and then see to its proper division. We do not believe that any good comes to any one by a policy which means destruction of prosperity; for in such cases it is not possible to divide it because of the very obvious fact that there is nothing to divide.

Speech at Chicago, August 6, 1912.

There is no proper place in our society either for the rich man who uses the power conferred by riches to enable him to oppress and wrong his neighbors, nor yet the demagogic agitator who, instead of attacking abuses as all abuses should be attacked wherever found, attacks prosperity, attacks property, attacks men of wealth, as such, whether they be good or bad, attacks corporations whether they do well or ill, and seeks, in a spirit of rancor, to overthrow the very foundations upon which rest our National well-being.

Speech at Milwaukee, April 3, 1903.

Unfortunately, those dealing with the subject have tended to divide into two camps, each as unwise as the other. One camp has fixed its eye only on the need of prosperity, loudly announcing that our attention must be confined to securing it in bulk, and that the division must be left to take care of itself. . . . The other set has fixed its eyes purely on the injustices of distribution, and advocates action which, it is true, would abolish most of the inequalities of the distribution of prosperity, but only by the unfortunately simple process of abolishing prosperity itself.

Speech at Chicago, August 6, 1912.

THE TARIFF

We stand unequivocally for a protective tariff, and we feel that the phenomenal indus-

I believe in a protective tariff, but I believe in it as a principle, approached from the

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trial prosperity which we are now enjoying is not lightly to be jeopardized.

Letter to Hon. J. E. Watson, Rushville, Indiana, August 18, 1906.

standpoint of the interests of the whole people, and not as a bundle of preferences to be given to favored individuals.

Chicago speech, August 6, 1912.

CURRENCY

All commercial interests suffer during each crop season. Excessive rates for call money in New York attract money from the interior banks into speculative fields; this depletes the fund that would otherwise be available for commercial uses, and commercial borrowers are forced to pay abnormal rates, so that each fall a tax in the shape of increased interest charges is placed on the whole commerce of the country. . . . There is need of a change. I do not press any especial plan. Among the plans which are possibly feasible . . . is that brought to your attention by the present Secretary of the Treasury. According to this plan National banks should be permitted to issue a specified proportion of their capital in notes of a given kind, the issue to be taxed at so high a rate as to drive the notes back when not wanted in legitimate trade. This plan would not permit the issue of currency to give banks additional profits, but to meet the emergency presented by times of stringency.

Message to Congress, beginning of 2d session of 59th Congress, December 3, 1906.

We believe that there exists an imperative need for prompt legislation for the improvement of our National currency system. The issue of currency is fundamentally a governmental function. The system to be adopted should have as its basic principles soundness and elasticity. The currency should flow forth readily at the demand of commercial activity, and retire as promptly when the demand diminishes. It should be automatically sufficient for all the legitimate needs of business in any section of the country. . . . It should be made impossible to use the machinery or perquisites of the currency system for any speculative purposes. The country must be safeguarded against overexpansion or unjust contraction of either credit or circulating medium.

Chicago speech, August 6, 1912

CONSERVATION

So vital is this question that for the first time in our history the chief executive officers of the States separately, and of the States together forming the Nation, have met to consider it. . . . Natural resources . . . can be divided into two sharply distinguishable classes accordingly as they are or are not capable of renewal. Mines, if used, must necessarily be exhausted. . . . The second class of resources consists of those which can not only be used in such manner as to leave them undiminished for our children, but can actually be improved by wise use. The soil, the forests, the waterways, come in this category. . . . We can enormously increase our transportation facilities by the canalization of our rivers so as to complete a great system of waterways on the Pacific, Atlantic, and in the Mississippi Valley.

Address at the opening of the Conference on the Conservation of Natural Resources, White House, May 13, 1908.

There can be no greater issue than that of Conservation in this country. . . . We must conserve the soil so that our children shall have a land that is more and not less fertile than that our fathers dwelt in. We must conserve our forests, not by disuse, but by use. . . . We must conserve the mines. . . . We should undertake the development and control of the Mississippi as a National work. . . . The man in whose interest we are working is the small farmer and settler. His permanent welfare is the prime factor in developing the policy of Conservation.

Speech at Chicago, August 6, 1912.

ALASKA

Alaska has great possibilities of agricultural and pastoral development. Not only

Alaska should be developed at once, but in the interest of the actual settler.

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her mines, her fisheries, her forests, but her agriculture and her stock-raising will combine to make Alaska one of the great wealth-producing portions of our Republic. . . . I shall do all that in me lies to see that the proper kind of legislation is enacted in the Territory. . . . I wish to see such laws enacted and to see them so administered as to be in the interests of the actual settler who goes to Alaska to live.

Address at Everett, Washington, May 23, 1903.

The Government should at once construct, own, and operate the railways in Alaska.

Progressive Platform.

COUNTRY LIFE

This problem of country life is in the truest sense a National problem.

Letter to Professor Bailey, August 10, 1908.

It is of the first importance that the United States Department of Agriculture should become without delay in fact a Department of Country Life, fitted to deal not only with crops but also with all the larger aspects of life in the open.

Special Message to Congress, February 9, 1909.

The development and prosperity of country life are as important to the people who live in the cities as they are to the farmers.

Progressive Platform, 1912.

We pledge our party to foster the development of agricultural credit and co-operation, the teaching of agriculture in the schools, . . . and to re-establish the Country Life Commission, thus directly promoting the welfare of the farmers, and bringing the benefits of better farming, better business, and better living within their reach.

Progressive Platform, 1912.

PARCELS POST AND GOOD ROADS

General immediate needs of the country include better means of communication, including good roads and a parcels post, which the country people are everywhere, and rightly, unanimous in demanding.

Special Message to Congress, February, 1909.

We pledge our party to the immediate creation of a parcels post, with rates proportionate to distance and service.

Progressive Platform.

We recognize the vital importance of good roads, and we pledge our party to foster their extension in every proper way, and we favor the early construction of National highways.

Progressive Platform.

JUDICIARY

If those judges had understood "how the other half lived," if they had possessed a working knowledge of tenement-houses and factories, of tenement-house dwellers and factory workers, and of the lives that were lived where the tenement-house and the factory were one and the same, I am absolutely certain that they would have rendered no such decision [a decision annulling the law prohibiting the manufacture of cigars in tenement-houses, passed by the New York Legislature] as was rendered. They knew the life of the well-to-do, both the business life and the home life. They knew nothing of the lives of those who were not well-to-do. It was this lack of knowledge and the attendant lack of sympathetic understanding that formed the real barrier between the judges and a wise judgment. . . . My reason

The American people, and not the courts, are to determine their own fundamental policies. The people should have power to deal with the effect of the acts of all their governmental agencies. This must be extended to include the effects of judicial acts as well as the acts of the executive and legislative representatives of the people.

Chicago speech, August 6, 1912.

There is no public servant and no private man whom I place above a judge of the best type, and very few whom I rank beside him. . . . But I agree with every jurist, from Marshall downwards, when I say that every judge is bound to consider two separate elements in his decision of a case; one the terms of the law, and the other the conditions of actual life to which the law is to be applied. Only by taking both of these elements into

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for relating this anecdote is because from that day to this I have felt an ever-growing conviction of the need of having on the bench men who, in addition to being learned in the law and upright, shall possess a broad understanding of and sympathy with their countrymen as a whole, so that the questions of humanity and of social justice shall not be considered by them as wholly inferior to the defense of vested rights or the upholding of liberty of contract. . . . I do not for one moment believe that the mass of our judges are actuated by any but worthy motives. Nevertheless, I do believe that they often signally fail to protect the laboring man and the laboring man's widow and children in their just rights.

Editorial in The Outlook, March 13, 1909.

account is it possible to apply the law as its spirit and intent demand that it be applied. Both law and life are to be considered. . . .

Address before Ohio Constitutional Convention, Columbus, February 21, 1912.

How can the prevailing morality or a preponderant opinion be better and more exactly ascertained than by a vote of the people? The people must know better than the court what their own morality and their own opinion is. . . . I contend that the people, in the nature of things, must be better judges of what is the preponderant opinion than the courts, and that the courts should not be allowed to reverse the political philosophy of the people.

Address in Carnegie Hall, March 20, 1912.

AN ARGUMENT FOR MR. TAFT

I have been so long a reader of The Outlook, and am, in general, so much in sympathy with its point of view, that I willingly avail of the opportunity you offer to me of stating why I support the Republican party in this campaign. There is in the platform of the Progressive party a human note to which I respond, and I am, moreover, deeply sensible of the indebtedness of the country to Mr. Roosevelt for awakening its idealism. Perhaps I can most briefly indicate my point of view by saying that in this campaign Mr. Roosevelt seems to me to be playing the part of Wendell Phillips rather than of Abraham Lincoln. Wendell Phillips denounced the Constitution of the United States as "a league with death and a covenant with hell" because it recognized slavery; but Abraham Lincoln realized that the Constitution of the United States must be maintained if the Union were to be preserved and slavery itself abolished. Wendell Phillips, by his denunciation of slavery, awakened the public conscience; but the cure of the evil of which he complained was brought about by other agencies. So now, Mr. Roosevelt, with less occasion, I think, thunders against Constitutional restraints in the name of social justice. Greater social justice will come year by year, I doubt not; but it is more likely to come by maintaining fundamental Constitutional restraints than by overthrowing them. No one wishes a Constitution that cannot be adapted to changing conditions and changing public opinion; but when the fundamentals are changed, as I think they would be changed by the recall of the judiciary and of judicial decisions, we are likely to invite greater evils than those from which we shall escape. Mr. Roosevelt is denouncing in unmeasured terms the Republican party, which has been for the last two generations, in my view, the principal agent of progressive legislation in the country as a whole, and in all parts of the Union. The Convention at Chicago made it clear that the rules governing party representation in the National Convention must be reframed in order to accord with modern conditions. It did not at all demonstrate that the party had ceased to be capable of progressive action. On the contrary, I believe that it still has more capacity for bringing about desirable legislation in the country and throughout the States than the Progressive party now has or is ever likely to have unless the unexpected happens.

As to the proposals of the Progressive party to establish, wherever it can, the initiative, the compulsory referendum, and the recall, including the recall of judges and of judicial decisions, I am entirely and wholeheartedly in sympathy with the Republican party in antagonizing these proposals upon their merits. In taking this position, I will not admit for a moment that I am less a believer in the right of the people to rule than the most ardent Progressive. On the contrary, I maintain that it is precisely because I believe in popular rule that I am obliged to antagonize every one of these proposals. The most conspicuous object-lesson involving these devices, with the exception of the recall of judicial decisions, which is still untried, is furnished by Oregon: and my reading of the

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practical results in Oregon leads me to believe that they have not worked well there. I believe that in a State like the State of New York, for example, they would work even worse. In a Legislature all parts of a State are represented, and no bill can be enacted without the vote of more than a majority, not of the representatives voting, but of all the representatives elected to the Legislature. Under the Oregon system, groups substantially as small as one-third of the voters taking part in the election have enacted legislation. This is neither popular rule nor government by majorities. It is a rule by groups; and when a group rules it is thinking, not of the general interest, but of its own interest as a group. Under such a system voting is massed, and in a State like the State of New York, where the majority of the population lives in cities, it would practically eliminate the dwellers in the country from any substantial influence upon legislation. The system of direct legislation destroys party responsibility for legislation, and in this respect also its tendency is unfortunate. Political parties, more than any other single agency, divide society perpendicularly. The effect of direct legislation is to divide the population into groups, with more or less common interests within the group and with interests as against other groups antagonistic. I believe it to be the part of statesmanship to maintain unweakened the force of party responsibility, because that always and everywhere unites our citizenship in a common bond. I am ready always to join with Progressives, or any one else, in trying to limit and prevent the abuses incident to party organization; but, despite all such abuses, I believe that responsible party organizations afford one of the strongest safeguards that we have for the perpetuity and happiness of the Republic. I do not say that the Progressive party may not look forward to becoming a party as strong and effective as the old parties which it seeks to displace; but what I do say is that its proposals on behalf of direct legislation are entirely inconsistent with any such result.

It was said at the Centennial of the Supreme Court of the United States by one of the speakers (I quote from memory) that it had been for centuries the boast of an Englishman that "an Englishman's house is his castle." The speaker said, in effect, that in England this was true as against the executive, but that it was not true as against the legislature; for in England the Parliament is omnipotent and can do with the Englishman, in or out of his castle, what it will. In America, on the other hand, the speaker pointed out that the American might make this boast not only as against the Executive, but as against the Legislature, because in the United States the right even of the Legislature to interfere with the individual citizen must be passed upon by an impartial court. The proposal, therefore, for the Recall of Judges and for the Recall of Judicial Decisions strikes at that which is most characteristically American in the structure of this Republic. I do not believe in substituting popular majorities, much less popular pluralities, for impartial courts. I believe these proposals unwise; I believe them unnecessary; and I believe that they touch that which is vital to the continued life of the Republic. These, in brief, are the reasons why I continue to support the Republican party, both in the Nation and in the State.

This paper was finished before I got the unhappy news of the attack on Colonel Roosevelt's life. That it was the deed of a madman is the only comfort. In common with all Colonel Roosevelt's countrymen, I rejoice in his escape. We Americans may differ from him as we will; but no one can justly dispute his claims to undying honor at our hands. SETH LOW.

Bedford Hills, New York.

[The editorial on another page, "Why a New Party?" states The Outlook's view of the present situation. All we need specifically to say regarding Mr. Low's letter is that no eminent American seems to us less like Theodore Roosevelt, the man who has been President, who has achieved what he has achieved, than the Abolitionist orator Wendell Phillips. If analogies are in order, we would say that Mr. Taft's position may be likened to that of President Buchanan, Mr. Wilson's to that of Judge Douglas, and Mr. Roosevelt's to that of Lincoln. But all historical analogies are inexact. Mr. Low represents evidently what we call, in our editorial, the Conservatives. He puts as supreme the maintenance of "Constitutional safeguards," and has no confidence in those measures which intrust greater powers to the people at large. This is a wholly consistent view. It is distinctly not that of the Progressive. For the rest, we refer our readers to the editorial above mentioned.—THE EDITORS.]

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THE BOSSES' DAY IN COURT

BY WILLIAM MURPHY TAGGART BOIES, OF OHIORADO

REPORTED BY ALBERT BUSHNELL HART

PROFESSOR OF GOVERNMENT IN HARVARD UNIVERSITY

WHY shouldn't we have our day in court? It is time that somebody protested against the sensation press which follows up the people who are really keeping the American Government in operation and accuses them of all the crimes in the statute-book from sneak-thieving to kidnapping a Presidential candidate. Our usual policy is to let the magpies swear at us as much as they please, and to keep on with our knitting-work just the same; but there is no sense in our being looked upon as a gang of dumb robbers in a cave. We can talk and defend ourselves as well as anybody else. See what an impression Lorimer made by his twenty-six hours' speech! Why, if he had only spoken fifty-two hours, enough of the opposition Senators would have died of fatigue to leave him a majority. Not that I stand for Lorimer. I never did. It is bad politics to tie yourself up with a man whom the public is down on when there is nothing that he can do for you.

What I want is just to let loose a bit of straight talk to the American people about the realities of what the newspapers try to belittle by calling it Boss Government. If you should ever read the New York "Evening Post"—I understand that some people do—you would think that we had no fixed principles, that we are just operating helter-skelter, every man for himself, dip-your-hand-in-the-hopper-of-the-dollar-mill-every-time-it comes-around-past-you! Of course people who are in active politics know better. They know that we leaders have a perfectly clear conception of public service and all that sort of thing; and, what is more, we have a regular, steady, organized method of accomplishing the public welfare.

I want to tell you straight out from the heart why we know we are right, and how all these reformers and Progressives and educators and Socialists would ruin the country if we did not stand by common sense in politics. Give me credit for sincerity. I won't hide behind such terms as "The System" or "The Organization." There has got to be one-man power somewhere in every government. I do not claim to be the only man in my State party; but when it comes to final decisions, I do not permit any such absurdity as to count noses and then act according to the most red ones. When it comes to a "show down," the majority in our party rules; but it rules by taking my judgment as to what is best, or else the chief steps out, and that doesn't happen very often.

How did I come to be a boss? Frankly, because up to the present time I have been quicker than any other man in my State to see what the party could be induced to do. The daily papers are full of talk about "corrupt bosses." I am not that kind of a boss, and never was. I inherited some money, and my wife's father was in politics a good many years, and I have stocks and bonds. I have always had enough to live on, and nobody can accuse me of taking a single dollar out of the public treasury. I never have held an office, never drawn a salary, never got back in cash my office expenses for all that I am doing for the party.

Of course a man in my position gets some advantages. The city paved the block in front of my house, but there was a public library opposite, and it was reasonable to pave in front of their own property. I have stock in a fire-engine works. We don't sell cheap, but we build a good machine, and we have sold lots of them in my State. Naturally I like to have the cities buy our machines; but that is the small change in politics. It is just as it is in selling railway supplies or cotton-mill machinery—the firm that has the most friends will sell the most goods.

Another popular delusion is the so-called Ignorant Boss. I am no more ignorant than corrupt. Those pictures of a man with a jaw a foot across and a cigar pointing northeast like a telescope searching for a comet are no portraits of me, nor of most of the men in my profession. Matt Quay was a highly educated man, had a beautiful library, read his books, and was a personal friend of

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literary men. Tom Platt, the good old "Easy Boss," was not a "plug-ugly." Why, he was a Senator of the United States, associating every day on the floor of the Senate with the greatest and best men of the country. Thurlow Weed and Martin Van Buren and Simon Cameron were bosses in their time, and they were not prize-fighters. For my part, I am a college graduate—State University of Ohiorado—and some of my old professors who won't vote with me still have a soft side for me. I have a family growing up, a boy at Groton, a girl just graduated from Bryn Mawr; they know that their father is not a thief or a blackguard; they have nothing to be ashamed of.

There have been a lot of bosses whom the American people delighted to honor. Sam Adams was the first; but, if you can believe our Ohiorado Professor of American History, John Hancock was smarter, for he made a first-class deal with the Massachusetts ratifying convention of 1788 by refusing to support the new Federal Constitution unless they gave him the governorship—and he got it. Andrew Jackson was a boss in his clumsy way; Abraham Lincoln, the prince of political managers, was a kind of so-called good boss. Bosses have to be, because otherwise who would concentrate the votes or carry through any continuous policy? Bosses are just as legitimate a part of the American Government as vote by ballot or residence in the district that you represent, or log-rolling in Congress. You simply can't get along without those things.

I will give you reformers credit for honestly wanting to improve American government, for meaning most of your talk about representation of the people, about popular government, about honesty and efficiency, about a systematic programme of legislation, about enlightened and progressive leadership. That's all right; but you don't know how to get these things, and I do. You seem to think that we bosses are working without a plan. I have been in the business longer than any of you, and I can assure you that you totally misunderstand the situation. As a matter of fact, we want just the things that you want; and if you would only fall in with the people who know how to secure legislation, you would find it a good deal easier than this getting up third parties and framing fool platforms and diverting the minds of the people from the real issues.

You say you want a representative government; that is what we leaders have got. You reformers do not seem to understand the prime principle of politics, viz., that you cannot elect men or pass laws unless you have the necessary majorities. Our business in life is to keep a majority on our side. Therefore we keep our eyes out for rising young men who ought to be in public life. We give them something to do, throw cases in the way of struggling lawyers and get them appointments as corporation counsel, lend money to promising business men, attach people to us by doing something substantial. How many tons of coal have you people ever bought for poor widows? How many light public jobs have you ever found for heads of families who have just come out of the hospital? How many struggling contractors have you put on a nice little good thing? There is not a county town in my State in which we cannot lay our hands any time on a dozen of the livest young men in the community, representing the people through and through, and every man devoted to us.

What is more, we represent what you are trying to leave out of all your calculations, and that is property. Every successful government in the world must recognize and protect what you call "the Interests." What has made America great if not her manufacturers and mine-owners and bankers and organizers of corporations? You can't keep a government going which does not look out for the property-owners. If you think you can, just cut loose from the farmers and the owners of little houses in our towns and cities, and see what you will have left to represent. The bosses stand for the permanent interests of the people. If we were not on hand to calm and moderate things, the voters would run away with the elections three times out of four.

Not that we have anything against the voters; we carry on a really popular government—popular in a sense and to a degree which your petty vote-getters, your Johnsons and Lindseys and La Follettes and Roosevelts, have no conception of. We believe in the people participating in their government from the ground up through their party organizations. We want people to come to the primaries. Not these modern soap-box primaries, where there is no guarantee of proper consultation and agreement beforehand, but the primaries which have been good enough for the country during three-quarters of a century. The right kind of

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popular government means the expression of the popular will through trained politicians so as to make people take an interest in their elections; you reformers can't depend upon bringing out two-thirds of what you call your voters. We believe in acting after things have been talked over by the leaders and passed upon by those who make it a life study to know what is satisfactory. What you call popular government is snap government; people rushing to the polls as though an election were a bargain day in a department store, trying to get they don't know what, and to pay for it the least possible.

You talk a lot about honesty in politics. There are leaks in all governments; but that is not the only kind of dishonesty. It is dishonest to pad pay-rolls or to make the city pay two bills for the same goods; but it is also dishonest not to stand by your friends. It's a crime to turn down a good and useful man because perhaps he is careless about keeping his accounts with the public. It is dishonest to have principles and not to stand by them through thick and thin.

What is all this bosh about the extravagance of boss government? I have noticed that these high-brow reform governments, city or State, always raise the taxes; the rake-off in city and State government is seldom more than ten or fifteen per cent—a small thing compared with the sums that the so-called Progressives spend for such frills as vacation schools and playgrounds, and civic centers and factory inspectors, forest rangers and expert accountants.

If you knew the number of graft propositions that I turn down every year you wouldn't be calling me a thief and a robber. As a matter of fact, the rise of organized leadership—call it bossism, if you like—in the last forty years has done more to purify politics than any other one thing. Very few sensible corporations now purchase members of Legislatures or put up hush money to kill off strike bills. They come to me and I arrange to let them have what they are entitled to and no more. Many a poor member of our Legislature has been saved from temptation by getting a few hundreds in one block through me instead of being the prey of fifty different lobbyists! Everybody in politics knows that there must be some graft. You can't get public business done in any other way. But it is the business of the "boss" to see that those things are reduced to the lowest reasonable figure. He does not get the money; it goes directly or indirectly to keep the organization together.

Another fake cry nowadays is "Efficiency." People seem to think that it is something which the reformers have just dug up. Now efficiency is the breath of life for us leaders. We are leaders because we are efficient. We have the support of city, State, and National parties throughout the Union because we are the people that can get things done. Professor Goodnow, of Colombia, is recognized as an expert in government, and he says that the great trouble in State and city governments is the separation of the executive from the legislative power. The people are accepting that doctrine, as is shown by the great number of city commission governments in which the two powers are merged. We found that out long ago, and have applied it not only in cities but in States. If I can nominate the Governor and control a majority in the State Legislature, I will see to it that the two act in harmony. Why, boss government is just like the English parliamentary system that you hear so much about, where a committee called the Ministry drafts the laws, puts them through, and then executes them. So in American politics, a few men (better one man), acting of course as unofficial representatives of the people, do all those things.

Furthermore, we pass laws that stay put when people try to upset them. In some States, like Montana, we control the judges, who see to it that the principles of the Constitution are not subverted. On the other hand, if an accidental Legislature passes confiscatory laws—employers' liability, and all that sort of thing—the judges apply the beneficent common law, which is superior to any State statute and to any State Constitution. Our power to nominate the judge is a great conservative force, for which the public does not seem to be sufficiently grateful. In nine cases out of ten we put up a judicial candidate entirely satisfactory to the bar, and the tenth man we must have to prevent the destruction of vested interests and the overthrow of organized government.

You have a great deal to say about experts in government. Well, we "bosses" are the real experts. We may not be engineers or skilled doctors, but we know both what the public needs and what a Legislature will pass. Take the question of franchises. People like Maltbie, Prendergast, and Wilcox write articles and books on that subject, but

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what do they know about the real difficulties and how to surmount them? For years we have been in confidential relations with those who want franchises; we know what they are worth; we know what a city council can be induced to do, and there is no use going beyond that.

The organized system—yes, the boss system—depends for its success on intelligence and order. We administer one of the most effective political systems that the world ever saw. It begins with personal appeals to party voters. Then come the primaries, in which we always help the voters to concentrate on a few candidates. I admit that there have been too many cases of capturing primaries by holding them without public notice, or having the police club the wrong men if they try to come in and vote. I have never stood for such coarse and irregular proceedings, which are almost certain to prejudice public sentiment. All that is really necessary is to appoint the presiding officer, and he can be depended upon to know whether a question has been carried, and whether a roll call is necessary. You Progressives learned at Chicago how important the President of the political convention or the primary is to political success. Then come the local and State conventions, in which there may be kicking; but good leaders always see to it that the right lot shall have a majority of the delegates, and then there is no further trouble. Platforms of course must be so made up as to agree with the policy of the party, settled by its leader.

You may talk about this as a gum-shoe method, but give me the gum-shoe rather than the horseshoe, clattering away and calling attention to itself. My friends and I play by the rules of the game; if we get worsted, we accept defeat, until we can set up the next convention. Ours are the principles of peace and order and everybody rallying to accept the nominee. I have not words to express my opinion of men who go into a convention, try to nominate their candidate, and when it is proved that they have not the votes, appeal to some technicality, bolt, and nominate a third ticket. They queer the whole business of politics, upset the mature plans of years, and destroy the confidence of the people in their government—that is, in us.

One of the great defects of Progressivism is that it is jerky. Progressives in one county want something different from those in another; the Wisconsin Progressive, the California Progressive, and the Massachusetts Progressive think they are the same thing, but wait till they try to form a platform! The whole idea of your Progressives is to make nominations and carry elections; that is not fifty per cent of politics. Our system means politics all the year, every year; when the Legislature is in session and when it is adjourned; in the long term of Congress and the short; as regular as the delivery of baker's bread; and all over the Union, in every county, the same idea, safe and sane. You can't have one set of political principles one year and another the next. Our great motto is, "The Lord hates a quitter," and anybody is a quitter who deserts the organization and starts off on his own hook to make up a programme of legislation and to try to get a majority in its favor.

That is why we object to the initiative and referendum. I do not need to enumerate the defects of so-called popular legislation. Who is going to draw the bills and the Constitutional amendments, and to make them agree with each other? Why, the whole thing is breaking down in the States where it was supposed to be the strongest. Out in Oregon last fall they had twenty-two propositions on the ballot, and they were so bad that the people had to vote down fourteen of them. Do you call that popular government? Those things are jammed through without proper discussion. People don't know what they mean; they may have jokers in them, authorizing the Lord knows what! Big interests, like the railways or the water power men, may compel all their employees to vote for the things they like. There isn't a Legislature in any State of the Union where proper leadership continues which would pass the kind of measures that go through on the referendum. Nobody can tell what is coming. It throws politics all in confusion. The people will take warning when they find that business will stop, because under the referendum you cannot get the charters and franchises and privileges that attract capital.

Then there are the primaries. I believe in the right kind of primary, made up of those who are interested in politics; not your college professor and minister and small business man, who never had anything to do with our primary, wouldn't come out, wouldn't work, scandalously neglected their political duties. Now those very fellows have got up what they call a primary, but is really a

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make-believe election. They come out, and by mere brute force of numbers outvote us, and compel the placing on our tickets of men not really in sympathy with us. Why, anybody can be a candidate now who can get a plurality of the people who appear at the primary, which includes perhaps not half of the party voters in all. Do you call that a popular nomination?

And think of the expense of it! Of course we assess candidates for office; judges in New York sometimes pay a year's salary to get on the ticket, and Governors pay perhaps $10,000 to $50,000. Under the State-wide primary, they say that it cost Deneen and his friends $200,000 for a campaign of information in order to get him nominated on the Republican ticket in Illinois, and now those confounded Illinois Progressives are trying to take that money out of his pocket by putting up a Roosevelt candidate against him. The whole so-called State-wide primary system is just a system of getting second-class men nominated—men who couldn't get one-third of the vote in a State convention. We never shall have strong and orderly National parties till this system of electing a lot of nobodies onto the ticket, and then electing half of them into office, shall be knocked in the head.

Few people realized the danger till the Chicago Republican Convention showed how the State primary had eaten into the National Convention system. There would not have been a bit of trouble in that Convention if the time-honored method of choosing delegates had not been broken up by the illegal holding of primaries for the choice of delegates to the Convention. This threw off the floor of the Convention some of the strongest men in the country—men like Crane of Massachusetts and Penrose of Pennsylvania, who were therefore obliged to run the Convention from the platform. Then it brought in three or four hundred tyros in politics, who actually scoffed at the traditions as to the settlements of contests. The worst was that several States, especially California, defied the National Republican Committee by paying no attention to its rules for choosing delegates. Of course we could not permit a thing like that; for if it should run through the States it would go far toward putting us out of business. So we pried off two of the Roosevelt delegates and taught the State of California, and all the other States, what it meant to attempt to make rules for the choice of the members of a private political club like a National Convention.

I read the Chicago "Tribune" and the Kansas City "Star" and the Philadelphia "North American" regularly, in the hope of finding out what all this fantastic jugglery means; and the thing that strikes me most is the unceasing talk about "leadership," "aggressiveness," "a positive policy," "contact with the people," and all that. Good Lord! was Theodore Roosevelt the first man to see the need of leadership in American politics? We know more about leadership than the so-called Progressives will learn in the two years which I give them before they go to smash, because they have too many leaders and too few officers. There is Professor Hart, of Harvard; one of my friends who graduated there says that for twenty years that man has been telling his students that what the country needs is personality in government; to put strong men in office and then to stand by them and back them up in vigorous administration. Doesn't the fellow know that there are strong men leading the parties now? If they were not strong, they would not be leaders.

Our system of personal, intelligent, systematic interest in politics is the "natural selection" of strong men, the "survival of the fittest." The "Saturday Evening Post" comes near to sizing the real boss in its amusing stories of the good-natured boss, who makes new mayors just to please his wife. You youngsters, you amateurs who are trying to build battle-ships out of candy, don't understand what real leadership is. My friend Murphy has seen the time when not a district leader in New York had any opinion on any subject that did not agree with his. Out in my State I make not only mayors, but Governors, members of the Legislature, Senators. Of course my power consists in doing what the members of my party wish, or will wish as soon as they understand it. True leadership consists in foreseeing just what will keep the district leaders true; and that means, of course, foreseeing what the people are going to want.

Leadership means also that people shall be attached to the leader, and you Progressives don't really understand what loyalty to the chief means. I invite suggestions, listen to everything that is said, and everybody understands that. But when a decision is made, or a platform drawn, or a candidate is selected, then you get the real, genuine loyalty, every

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man standing up like the commander of a brigade and pledging his district.

Another thing that the Progressives think they think they want is non-partisanship in municipal affairs, but that is just what we furnish. Wilkins, leader of the other party, and I have for years agreed that we could not plunge the metropolis of our State into partisan government. Wilkins never nominates a mayor without consultation with me, and I never set up a city council without seeing to it that Wilkins's men have a fair share. If we had our way, we would introduce the same non-partisanship into State and National government; and there are some Legislatures where it acts like a charm, where you will see Republicans and Democrats working side by side on bill after bill.

We leaders all know that Theodore Roosevelt is a dead duck, a weakling, a bolter, a quitter, a squealer, who no longer has any hold on the country; a violent and ungovernable shouter who arouses the passions of millions of voters against their natural leaders. The few thousand voters who put their trust in him will go back to their own parties when he is downed, for he is all that holds them together. He is the laughing-stock of our party newspapers and the most dangerous man in the country. If this goes on, he will wreck both the old parties. He has a feeble hold on a lot of small men who want office, and nothing will stop his Socialistic career except a combined effort of the accredited leaders of both the regular parties.

If you want a Progressive party, why don't you go to the people who could give it to you? There never was a time when by remaining in the party and standing by the leaders the so-called reformers would be so likely to get their pet laws enacted. Why do you people throw your votes away? There are lots of able young men, and in the Suffrage States able young women, who have gone into this Progressive movement who would be welcomed in the councils of the organization. They might become district leaders, help to hand out the patronage, get good things for their friends. We would send some of them to the Legislature if they showed a disposition to co-operate. We have made the fortunes of thousands of people.

Do you want parks, boulevards, playgrounds, civic centers, in the cities? Put it to us strongly enough and we will provide them, and we know very much better how to do it than you do. Do you want railway commissions, reorganized treatment of the poor and the defectives, proper regulation of corporations? We have been passing laws of that kind for forty years and want your help in that good work. There isn't anything in the world so progressive as a boss when he is sure that the people want progressiveness.

You might as well give up the struggle to organize politics on a basis of perpetual mass-meetings. You will get tired of it shortly. What became of the Know-Nothing party and the Native American party and the Greenback Labor party and the Liberal Republican party and the Prohibition party and the Socialist party? Did they ever elect a President or a Senator, or anything more than a handful of State and city officers? Ours is a permanent method, because it appeals to human nature. We are in business to do something for the voters. You are trying to start business by making the voters do something for you, or, as you call it, for the public. You don't know the American people. Our experience of years has been that you can't keep the American voter interested unless you make it worth his while. Still, it doesn't take very much: unimportant offices, memberships of political committees that are not allowed to do anything, seats in legislatures at the end of a telephone wire, little private bills. But you never in this world can succeed on your theory that the American voter will respond to what you call a noble sentiment of public interest.

After all, it makes very little difference what you soreheads and reformers and Progressives and third party men do or refuse to do. You are only the passing show, we are the real thing. After this flurry we shall get hold of the steering-wheel again and go along just the same as we did after you tried to sew us up with the Australian ballot. The initiative, the referendum, the recall, the official primary, are temporary attempts to prevent an efficient government. We will see to them when we have squeezed out the third party and again get control of the State Legislatures; then our Day in Court will be every day in the year.

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DANCING BLOOD

BY JAMES OPPENHEIM

WITH DRAWINGS BY HANSON BOOTH

IT so happened that I was straight from the machines myself. And so I had an immense somber feeling about civilization: a race of restless creatures who through a splendid million years gave their naked breasts to peril and the unknown now suddenly become slaves in our modern indoor galleys, the factories—these hunters and fighters and fierce free mates standing in their millions to tend the unventuresome machines. Shall these sons and daughters of the great migrations, the base and bloody wars, the ancient crimes, the red love-making and the dance, these children of terror and ecstasy, find adventure in the looms that weave to-morrow what they have woven to-day? Shall a little food and warmth and a tired mating content them? To what shall these offspring of reckless death offer their easily pierced breasts when all day long their eyes are on the wheels, their hands are on the levers—in action mechanical dolls, in essence divine rebels?

I was caught in Pennsylvania that winter. I needed bed and board; I rejected beggary. Only the cotton-mill was open. For four months I stood up a ten-hour day. And then there was a strike. No one understood that strike. People were able to live, work was steady. And yet five thousand men and women marched out of the mills. But I understood: man does not live by bread alone. That strike was an adventure—a return to the sacred and vulgar racial life. It was passionate, perilous, terrible.

April had begun; spring was on the way. And so I left the toilers in their desperate glory and put out again on the open road. A ten-year rover like myself had to go; I wanted Broadway again; I wanted the great sea city; I wanted the Unknown.

Early that evening I reached Darnton, that nest of silk-mills. Seven blocks of Main Street lay like a fierce comet's tail in the night, the white glow clouded with the shuffling, stirring people. Shop light, blaze of theater, drew these Hunters of Adventure; they peered in each other's faces, they invaded the shops, they crowded the motion-picture shows. Youth, fired by April, was at its love-seeking, and everywhere wave after wave of released humanity strove to break itself on the night, to beat out its terrific lust for life against an ice-cream soda or a picture play or the ardor of casual love.

And, joining that pale and exhausted procession, I wondered why these spinners of silk did not also strike. I understood, I shared their savage appetites, their raw desires. Day kept them in a strait-jacket; but the mystic night released them to the strange street and the hunt. And so they wrecked themselves on liquor and license, welcoming ruin. A perfectly human thing to do, all too human.

Tired by my tramp, I sought for lodging. A pallid and grave young man, frowning upon the crowd, but eying it rovingly, almost collided with me.

"Pardon me," I said, "I've come over from Pettigrew, and want a night's lodging. Perhaps you can help me."

He looked at me suspiciously, a keen glance that caught my muddy shoes, my bulging trousers, my open-neck flannel shirt, the bearded face, the slouch hat, and the bag over my back.

"I'm not sure—" he began. "There's a Salvation Army—"

I cut him off with a laugh.

"No, thanks. I pay my way, a dollar a night, with breakfast. . . . My name is Thad Stevens."

By then he had analyzed my two passports—my voice and my eyes—and seemed reassured.

"We have a tiny room we used to let out, a cubby-hole off the kitchen. But you'll have to ask my mother."

"Content," I said. "You see, I left Pettigrew because of the strike. I worked in the L. C. Y. Mills."

That satisfied him, as I had anticipated. Then he spoke in a querulous voice:

"But you'll have to wait a minute. I'm looking for my sister and my aunt. It's time to go to chapel."

Chapel! Then I understood his grave mien, his frowning forehead. I fell in step with him, and we went forward, passing the crowd in review. We came thus to

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"OF COURSE I KNEW THAT SHE HAD COME TO SHARE THE SECRET WITH ME. BUT SHE WAS HESITANT; SO I HELPED HER"

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the Majestic Theater, whose scarlet posters flamed under the copper glare of great arc lights, and into that theater filed an eager crowd, while the penniless and the uncourageous stood on the pave watching wistfully. And among these watchers we found them.

"Lyn!" cried my young man; "Aunt Janey!" His tone was scandalized. "You're to come straight home; we've been waiting for you!"

They turned, trapped, blushing—a frowsy, middle-aged woman and a girl of about seventeen. And the girl spoke:

"We were just coming back—"

"Sure!" he muttered. "I saw you."

"Well, there's no harm," she said, "in looking at a theater."

"Harm!" he sneered.

We turned and started back, somewhat clumsily trying to keep in one row. But the voice of the girl, gentle and sadly eager, haunted me, and I turned to look at her. She was not above middle height; the shawl round her shoulders swayed out at the ends before her, her rather dilapidated skirt flapped softly, and her bare head with its almost shaggy soft brown hair, through which ran threads of gold, darted out rough curls when the cool wind passed. Nothing extraordinary in all this, yet about her was something extraordinary. I knew after ten steps. It was her light tread, the whole girl rhythmic, as if she walked on air, or as if the ground went with her. And I felt at once that the wave of youth and desire in her, so strong that it almost lifted her off her feet, had swept her out under the lights, and I felt subtly that here was the whole tragedy of the mills. She was caged, caught, betrayed, denied her heritage of love and loveliness: a perilous creature, a human explosive. . . . Chapel for her! Chapel and the silk-mill! No wonder her brother had to hunt her down and drag her away from the wicked night!

We turned a corner, silent, and went into the immeasurable blackness of a side street. There, under the dim lamps, the poor mill-houses grew visible, each with its lighted kitchen. The fifth house was ours: two-story, exceedingly small. And into the meticulous neatness of that lamp-lit kitchen we filed. There was the mother with her bonnet tied, her shawl wound about her thin angularity, and her narrow face cold and bitter, as deadly as a point-blank gun. Yet the eyes shone with life. She did not notice me.

"Janey," she said, in a low, icy voice, "I'd thought you had more sense. But you're wicked as Lyn. . . . Now come. . . ."

I was chilled to the marrow. The whole house now seemed empty and bitter cold, and in the dull light these creatures seemed monsters of sin. Later I discovered that the family belonged to some narrow sect; but already I found myself in the ice-ribbed prison of a dead creed. I looked at Lyn; her misery was appalling, as if she writhed with sin, her greenish-brown eyes wide with revolt.

Then the son introduced me; the mother measured me from head to foot, and I was shown the little shed, the narrow cot. In spite of the hurry of the mother, the chapel-going was delayed while Lyn lugged the blankets from upstairs and Aunt Janey spread a cold supper for me.

I stood at my door, looking in as Lyn gracefully made the bed. Straightening up, she met my eyes. I smiled. I whispered:

"Chapel! chapel!"

And she understood. A radiance came to her face, and in parted lip and wondering eyes and heave of bosom I saw the irrepressible spirit of youth leaping into triumph again. But she was amazed.

"Yes," I said, "I've been there myself."

She smiled in my face, and her eyes grew wet. I reached out a hand and clasped hers. And she passed me quickly, guiltily, possibly sure that her mother had seen and heard from the kitchen at my back.

Later, in bed, in the hushed and empty house, I analyzed Lyn's amazement. And then I knew; she had never before been fully understood. Alone, crushed by the mill and her mother, she had had to accept the universal verdict of Drudgery and Sin. This apparition of a creature of wings among the drudges and the dehumanized family had seemed monstrous; and so Lyn, against her instincts, had thought so too, frightened, writhing, frustrated—until a stranger smiled, whispered, offered a hand.

"Something will come of this," I thought. "You've set match to an explosive. . . .

"Ah," I thought, however, "if no one had released her—what then? Such girls feed the underworld."

And it seemed a miracle that in this world often the greatest thing is the least; as, for instance, a glance, a word, an offered hand.

I watched Lyn curiously the next morning. I was up early, and she got my break-

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fast for me. And, more than ever, I was startled and amazed; in her light motion, her fleet-footedness, the ardent and exquisite changes of her face, the gentleness and poignancy of her voice, were hints of unbelievable things—hints of mental and spiritual richness not wholly native. How had such a creature strayed into such an environment?

The April morning was mild, liquid-clear, shining. The door was open, and the little winds flapped the end of the tablecloth; sparrows were preening and chirping on the stoop, a bluebird was trilling, and a sweet, earthy odor freshened the air. Lyn leaned over me, placing my cup of coffee. I looked up.

"You'd rather loaf than work to-day, wouldn't you?"

Dreams were in her eyes. She laughed softly.

"Yes."

"And how long have you been a weaver?"

"A year."

"Ten hours a day?"

"Yes."

"And you hate it?"

She smiled down at me.

"Not exactly—not at times."

"You know, I'm a professional loafer." She stood off, staring. I laughed.

"I'm a tramp, Lyn."

"A tramp?" Her voice thrilled.

"Like a gypsy," I said. "I go roving all over the world. . . . I go seeing things and meeting people. . . . I'm following the spring now, up to Canada; there'll be buttercups for me for the next three months; strawberry blossoms too."

She was amazed, entranced.

"And you don't *have* to do it?"

"Yes, I have to," I replied. "I'm a wild thing; I don't belong to civilization."

I drank off the coffee; she was getting her shawl.

"May I walk with you?" I asked.

"Yes." She was breathless. Out we stepped under flawless blue skies, and I saw now that my words had profoundly thrilled her; she was desperately alive, lapping up life, as it were, with her whole being. But how could I learn her secret without telling her mine? Indeed, we were sworn comrades, almost conspirators, already.

"And you really do that?" she asked. "But how can a person be so free?"

"How?" I asked. "By just *being* so. Who is to stop me? Yet," I went on, hastily, "only a few would call it freedom. It's full of pain and tragedy, Lyn—breaking away from people you love, going hungry, doing nasty jobs, being scorned and despised and rejected, sleeping God knows where, sinning and repenting. Take your mother, for instance. She finds freedom in religion, doesn't she?"

"Why, yes," she cried, shocked by this revelation. "But I—oh, now I know what's the matter with me!" she went on in a strange voice. "Now I know!"

"What is?"

She gave me a queer glance.

"I'm—I'm one of those 'wild things' too."

"Don't be too sure," I laughed. "Everybody is at times."

I was thinking of the strike at Pettigrew, of the fierce parade the night before on Main Street. Surely the whole race is tameless.

But Lyn was rebuffed; as if she thought that, after all, I did not understand her.

The toilers were marching before and behind us, and we had come out to an empty field at the back of which stood the five-story brick mill, handsome and new. And now all these human beings were leaving the April morning, the skies, the dreaming countryside beyond, the song and flash and murmur of the spring, and filing slowly, inevitably, into the prison-house of the Machine.

Lyn and I paused.

"I'll wait for you at noon," I said.

She smiled wistfully, nodded, and left me. Ten hours stood before her.

After an aimless two hours of wandering about, my curiosity brought me to the mill again. I wanted to see Lyn at work. I could not quite place such a creature among the machines. . . . As I stepped into the office an opening door gave the tremendous rhythms of the mill, not unlike some terrific Indian war-dance—the beating and the stamping and the singing. The door shut; I stood in a silence that was scratched by the bookkeeper's pen.

He was averse to my going in. But once I was a reporter in New York; I told him of some vague article in view—"the making of silk"—so he procured me an overalled guide. And into the clamor we went.

That mill was new; its walls were as much glass as brick; its machines were of the latest model, freshly painted, and as we went into the weaving-room of the third floor the effect was brilliant. A center aisle, and the man-

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AND SHE DANCED. LEAPING LIGHTLY THROUGH THE DOORWAY, WITH HER TWO RAISED HANDS SHE SEEMED TO LET FALL THE SUNBEAMS DOWN TO THE FLOOR

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high machines on either side four looms deep, and from the right the streaming sun. Six rows down we came to Lyn.

She was next a window, partly open, and she had four machines in charge. The sun was on her hair, and the soft brown with its golden threads seemed like the silk that was being woven. And she went from machine to machine, humming under her breath, watching the swift and rhythmic threads, touching with delicate hands the troubled woof, and her eyes dreaming. Into and out of the sunbeams she passed, and paused once to see the motes dance. She was quite unconscious of her surroundings, and seemed merely a bright part of the not unmelodious weaving; for one loom was gushing a silk of scarlet, soaked in sunshine, flowing like red wine; and the dreaming girl brought her living face close to it as she watched the shuttle.

She was surely unique among the mill hands: a thing of wings somehow caught among the dreamless drudges and the industrial machines. I wondered whether the mill-owner knew that he was hiring at ten dollars a week this flame and music; that beyond all glamour and delicacy of silk and all golden profit and standing in the community, there was that fugitive light in his factory which had more of wonder in it than the glory that was Greece. The race follows it instinctively, whether it is silent in cathedrals, or bursting into daisies on hillsides, or shining in the white nights of cities, or frozen in marble, or living in human love. It is what we feel we are; it is romance, music, adventure.

And I thought of the old classification: Earth, Air, Fire, Water. And I asked myself, If even the creatures of Earth cannot endure for long the mechanical day, what, then, of this creature of Air and Fire? Her place was in Vagabondia, on the hills and the peaks, and in the heart of the cities. . . . The rest of the mill seemed shabby enough. . . .

When the noon whistle blew, she came. Her excitement was girlish: as if this were one of the greatest events of her life. But what is greater than finding the Listener?

She said:

"Sometimes I take lunch with one of the girls, so my mother doesn't notice when I don't come home. So can't we walk? I'm not hungry."

She had a precious half-hour. There was no time to lose. I merely stopped at a grocery and purchased a box of crackers, a bar of chocolate. Then we went down a side street that gave into a country road, and climbed an open hill to its top, where under a maple tree we found a large rock. On this, then, we sat. Darnton lay under us, mill-chimneys belching black, a few spires, hosts of tiny frame houses.

The little green grass blades were new and tender, just piercing up; violets were budding; the air cool and washed with fire; a bluebird sat on the fence-rail near by; and far off a man was painting his house a fresh yellow. Mica glistened in little broken rocks; a trickle of water went shining down the mud of the hillside; and in the pale and transparent whiteness of the atmosphere, out near a road, a red-shirted laborer was lying on the dirt, his head resting on his arm, smoking his pipe, while his two great harnessed horses stood near by, perfectly still. And we were caught in the Spring: that new flood of life that fills each one of us so full we can hardly endure it, and want release for this dazzling vitality, this super-energy. And the atmosphere was charged with expectancy, with marvelous portents.

Lyn, sitting a little below me, glanced up now and then as she munched the chocolate, and for the first time I really saw her face. The greenish-brown eyes were slightly close together and rather large; the lips puckered upward toward the curved and rounded nose; ringlets tossed about her low forehead. Her smile was exquisitely sweet, lighting her whole face; and the graceful head was set on shoulders femininely narrow and downward-sloping.

Of course I knew that she had come to share the Secret with me. But she was hesitant; so I helped her.

"Do you get much time for reading?"

"No," she said, eagerly. "But I read all I can. . . . Only, my mother hates to see me read." She laughed. "You know what? I do my knitting at night, sitting at a little table, and in the drawer I keep a book, and when mother's out I open the drawer and read—you see, my fingers can knit without watching—and when mother comes, I just close the drawer."

We laughed together.

"Where do you get the books?"

"There's a library. . . . I love poetry. . . ."

I caught her eyes:

"And is there any one in the whole town like you?"

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"Oh, that's what bothers me. I think I'm so sinful. . . . And yet"—she mused a little. "Do you know, people are funny? It seems to me they lead two lives, every one of them. In one they're just weavers or twisters. But underneath they are all sorts of things. There's Bess; I—I think," she laughed ashamedly, "she's a mermaid." She gave me a quick glance to see if I mocked her; then went on, "And Rufus, the foreman, he's a tiger, a terrible tiger."

"And you?" I asked.

"I"—she flushed. "I daren't tell."

"You dare."

"No, I daren't."

"Oh, come—"

"I'm ashamed," she murmured, "Oh, you'll think I'm low."

"Think you're low!" I laughed. "Come." And I put the easiest question of all for girls. "You want to go on the stage."

"No—worse than that. . . . I—I did act once: in Cinderella; the church gave it, so my mother let me; I was one of the mean sisters. . . . No, it's worse than that. . . ." She paused, hesitated, spoke in fright, "I—I want to dance—*Dance!*"

I remembered her light tread, and was thrilled.

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, not just dance—not just jig, or waltz, or kick. . . . No, I want—I'll tell you what I want. . . ." She blushed scarlet. "Here! . . ."

And from her blouse she drew a bit of paper and passed it to me with shaking hand.

"Poetry!" I murmured. And I read:

"I see the little people dance,
The little people of the sunbeams.
They leap and fly in shining music,
And they keep time with the weaving silk.
O little friends, the looms imprison me,
I long to leave my silken weavings,
And leap among you and drowned in sunshine
Fly out the window where the sky is blue."

Artless, surely, and yet wrought by an artist. And I understood then; this girl had the creative impulse, had flowing through her the rhythm and urge of the very life. And I thought of her family and her environment, and was puzzled and amazed. For she had accomplished the true creation; she had wrought beauty out of her drudgery and despair.

"I like it," I said.

She grew radiant, a true artist.

"But, you see," she said, eagerly, "it doesn't satisfy me just to write . . . no, nor to act. That's only using a part of me; I want to use my whole body to say things with. . . . That kind of dancing. . . . But it's sinful."

"Sinful?" I echoed. "But you don't think acting sinful."

"No—the church let me do that."

I leaned toward her.

"Why do you like poetry better than prose?"

"Oh," she exclaimed, "it's music, and keeping time . . . and something deep . . . way deep, . . . you know."

"Well," I said, "dancing is the poetry of the body, and acting is the prose of the body."

She clapped her hands.

"Lovely! Oh, I see now! Oh, you have such a way of saying things!"

I smiled.

"And you've never danced?"

Then the whole secret came.

"I've always danced. Ever since I was three. But no one's ever seen me. I dance that poem I wrote. . . ."

"In the blood," I thought. Then aloud: "But you'll let me see, won't you? I know a great Russian dancer in New York, Kaslovna."

Sharply then the mill whistle blew. With a cry of dismay she rose. And we fled down the hill.

I had time that afternoon to think of Lyn's past. And it seemed to me that she was a peril, a high explosive: one spark might ruin such a nature. For added to the ardent and youthful thirst for life—how wistfully she had looked in at the theater the night before!—was this tremendous creative urge within. And the repression she was under was unnatural, could not last much longer. Soon she would cease to be a manageable girl, and, like so many such winged creatures among the poor, would doubtless fling herself away, give herself in the end to the streets. No normal life for her, surely; and better, I reflected, some safe outlet than this imprisonment. . . . Again I thought of Kaslovna, who yearly took on a girl or two to train; in the end to be added to her marvelous troupe.

That evening, after the dish-washing, the mother and brother went out, leaving me with Lyn and Aunt Janey. Lyn sat at her knitting, still excited, now and then looking at me in the knowledge that we shared a secret.

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"OH," SHE WHISPERED, "I OWE MY LIFE TO YOU!"

The night was very still and cool; a kettle bubbled, the lamp was dim.

I whispered to Lyn.

"I've got a plan . . . but we'll have to tell your aunt . . ."

She looked at me dubiously, then shrugged her shoulders.

I spoke to Aunt Janey:

"Did you know Lyn could dance?"

Aunt Janey was terribly startled.

"Dance!" she cried. "Lyn dance?"

"Yes," I went on, "and she's going to dance for us now. 'The Dance of the Sunbeams.'"

Aunt Janey nodded her head. But on her face was a strange look, as if she had seen a ghost.

"All right," she whispered, in a hollow voice.

Lyn didn't want to for a while, but we persuaded her. She changed then wondrously; rose alert, energetic, wholly un-self-conscious. Her laughter, the youth of her voice, were charming.

"I must dress for it," she said, and disappeared.

When she came in, she had on a white loose dress—the Cinderella dress. It was crossed with two yellow ribbons; a yellow ribbon was bound across her forehead, and slippers were on her feet.

"Are you ready?" she asked. Then she went out.

And she danced. Leaping lightly through the doorway, with her two raised hands she seemed to let fall the sunbeams down to the floor; her playing fingers suggested the quick motes; the play of her body the joy and flame of the sun. Then she stood off, and, with pendulations of her young body to and fro and with eager dart of flashing hands and with measured beat of feet, suggested the looms, the swing of a thousand

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threads in the warp crossed by the leap of the woof, and the wheels clashed and rattled. . . . Next she was Lyn, standing over the looms and dreamily watching the sunbeams. . . . The dance grew lovelier. . . . The machine caught her, crushed her, but she held out hands to the sunbeams; she tried to escape and leap up the golden ladder of the rays out of the window and up the blue heavens. And at last, breaking loose, she whirled, a mote among the motes, flaming joy and love, and so disappeared through the doorway.

I was stung with the wonder of life; it seemed to me then that a silk-mill was a place of music and beauty; a palace of the human spirit. No doubt of her power; Lyn was a dancer born; one who used her whole body and heart and mind to express the desire, the life, and the dream of man.

Her aunt sat stiff and staring, but I applauded, called for the dance again. And again she came in and let the sunbeams fall.

Then sharply, from behind me, came a hoarse cry, and Lyn brought up, dazed and paralyzed.

"Lyn! Lyn!"

It was her mother. I turned. The dead face was blanched horribly, the eyes starting. Then in the silence an amazing thing happened. Aunt Janey rose and spoke in a sudden tigerish fury:

"There, Martha! That's what's come of your churching her and keepin' her in! *You can't church her father out of her!*"

"Her father?" I echoed.

"Yes." She turned to me. "Her father was an actor, a dancer in vaudeville, died when she was three . . . and that fool woman killed him too with her saintliness. . . . God! he had to get off the stage, and it broke his heart. But it's in her. I've known it all along: it's in her blood!"

The mother said not a word, but laid down her shawl and passed from the room.

Lyn was weeping. Aunt Janey clutched her close.

"Never mind, dearie," she said; "you and I—we'll hang together."

Next morning I left Lyn at the mill entrance. Her eyes were shining.

"Oh," she whispered, "I owe my life to you!"

"Good-by," I murmured.

"Good-by!"

And off I went down the long road that led to the Lights. . . . But Lyn was soon to follow: she and Aunt Janey with a letter to Kaslovna. . . . And I knew that, for good or evil, I had released one drudge to the great adventure of life. . . . She would somehow be a dancer, obscure perhaps, never rising to fame. . . . But do the people of the Sunbeams care whether they are famous or not?

CLIMBING OUT THROUGH MUSIC

BY CONSTANCE D. LEUPP

MANY years ago, so a Russian legend tells us, a shepherd found a reed and blew upon it. He made sounds so sweet that the other shepherds were enchanted and gathered about to hear. Presently they said among themselves: "This fellow makes such pleasant music with his pipe, why should he waste his time tending sheep? We will care for his flock, and he shall play for us all day."

And they did; and this was the first division of labor.

And the fame of the piper grew until the shepherds came from far and wide in all that countryside to hear him, and the shoemakers, and the basket-weavers, and the potters. They took great delight in his piping, and their labor was the lighter for the joy they had in his music.

And presently the King of that land heard of the piper and sent for him. And he went and played for the King and his idle nobles gathered in the palace. And this was the first concert.

And the King was so pleased with his pipings that he kept him and made him Court Musician, and let him go back no more to play among his kind.

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And so music passed from its original purpose to its secondary stage.

Now, in twentieth-century America there has arisen a movement bent upon rescuing music, bringing it back once more from out the concert-halls and opera-houses into the lives and homes of the working people.

A young violinist in New York named Emily Wagner began it all in 1894; she played for the little foreigners in the East Side streets, and they swarmed eagerly about her to listen. Then it occurred to her to teach them, and in the basement room of the College Settlement she founded her "talent-saving station." It quickly outgrew its borrowed room and moved into new quarters.

Around the corner of the Bowery and a stone's throw from Cooper Union it stands now, in the midst of a teeming block. Three buildings house it; there is a staff of seventy teachers, and the enrollment of pupils this year is hard on eight hundred. It has become a power to be reckoned with in the musical world, and has taken its place as a vital factor in the life of the East Side. For in this wonderful place pupils of all ages and stages of progress are welcomed, and for twenty-five cents a lesson they receive as good musical training as is to be had in the city.

It is on Sunday morning that the Music School Settlement is on dress parade, for then comes the weekly rehearsal of the Senior Orchestra. The bare concert-hall with its white plaster walls is a room built for serious work; sky-lighted, with a side window giving upon the tiny yard, Della Robbia's "Singing Boys" the only wall decoration, unfurnished save for the grand piano and the chairs for the performers and a few score auditors.

"Piano! Pianissimo!" The conductor's baton raps sharply. "Second violins, that was clumsy, *schrecklich!* Try it again." Sixty rapt, sound-sensitive faces are raised at the command of Mr. David Mannes, and the boys and girls of the Senior Orchestra, the common axis of whose years is a scant fifteen, go through the bar again, accepting the criticism in the spirit in which it is given, as the suggestion of one musician to his fellows. Little wonder that there is criticism, for this is the first gathering of the orchestra after the long summer vacation, and at their own urgent request the members are playing as a simple exercise in sight reading the "Fifth Symphony" of Beethoven. Next come Mendelssohn, Tschaikowski's "Andante Cantabile," a lively Strauss waltz, a bit of the overture from "Die Meistersinger," and then Handel's "Largo."

In the informal gathering of the audience the life of the neighborhood is reflected. Here is the father of a first violin who comes regularly, out of pride in his daughter; there is an old Bohemian woman, a peasant once, now one of many who dwell in crowded tenements, bearing always in her saddened eyes a mute protest against the city's herding of humanity; her grandson, a thoroughgoing American child, in spruce gray suit and scarlet tie, is playing among the second violins. Her eyes and ears are not merely for him, however. She comes to listen to the music and dream of the green valley where she was born and the village dances of her youth.

There is a line of critical piano pupils in the front row; behind them a director who never misses a rehearsal; near the door are four or five hatless ladies who are the residents of the Settlement school.

As you watch and listen, you find that you are growing strangely excited and moved—moved as you have never been by the masterly touch of professional talent. It is not merely because these young people play classical music with such astonishing ability and appreciation; their poise and their response to the masterpiece they are interpreting sits oddly with their manifestly normal youth. But the significance of Sunday mornings at the Music School Settlement goes far beyond that. Your imagination is caught and held captive as you begin to notice the individual performers and the national traits they display, for a dozen races have contributed to the able group before you, here, if anywhere, is the love-feast of the nations of the world.

"We have our own plan for bringing about a universal disarmament," the Director has said.

You note with pride that the girl *Concertmeister* is unmistakably an American. Behind her sits a blue-eyed, flaxen-haired boy from the plains of Saxony; there are two Russian 'cellists, a boy and a girl, while among the second violins is a Pole, next an Austrian, then an Italian and a Bohemian. Whatever may prevail outside, no race antagonism finds its way into the school. There is no room for it, in fact, for every pupil

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DAVID MANNES

The Director of the Music School Settlement

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before you is a genuine musician, conscious of the dignity of his art and of the sacrifices which it exacts.

Here you find no long-haired prodigies destined to startle two continents with their virtuosity. A few of the boys wear their hair long, for some, of course, must imitate their beloved Director, but there are no precocious youngsters present. On the contrary, there is an indefinable atmosphere of saneness and hard work about the performance which indicates a high average of everyday scholarship. The Senior Orchestra is the epitome of the school. Instead of two or three anæmic, egoistic, ill-starred concert performers, the school presents as its proudest exhibit these sixty young people, all a little better nourished, much cleaner, and vastly happier than their fellows in the street outside. And the visitor is told that, while many of them will teach, very few are to make a profession of music otherwise.

To appreciate just how much character is crystallized in the good work of this Sunday rehearsal one must imagine the difficulties under which practicing is done in a crowded tenement.

"I would have played the Rondo in E," explained little Isaac, coming to his teacher with an unprepared lesson, "but they were painting by us, and they spilled a gallon of gasoline on my music and took all the notes right out of it!"

Besides the crowding and the noise at home, there is daily enacted a peculiar tragedy within these European-American families where the tides of two civilizations meet. Parents and grandparents still live in their youth, clinging in thought and tradition to the Old World, enduring our new, crude civilization for the greater prosperity it brings them; the children are growing up irreverent, careless of those customs which their parents hold most dear, prone, in their ready acceptance of American habits, to absorb the least admirable of our National traits.

Music is a great comforter, welding the generations in a common interest, and bridging the painful transition; and the proof of this lies in the sacrifices which parents and children alike make for it.

Here and there is a family in which social and religious customs are preserved intact; in which Saturday is strictly observed as the Sabbath in the midst of surrounding commercial activities; in which strange rites are performed in commemoration of the dead. A boy of twelve whose father died recently goes to the synagogue at sunrise and sunset for eleven months to pray, for this is the custom of the oldest son of a mourning family among his people. But all the time he is performing this exacting duty his practicing does not suffer, nor his school work.

EVERY PUPIL IS A GENUINE MUSICIAN

For eighteen years the movement represented by the Music School Settlement has been going on quietly in the heart of New York's foreign quarter. Within a year or two it has broken out in a dozen other cities and towns, and now bids fair to become an epidemic of startling proportions.

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A National Federation of Music Schools has been formed, and the parent school in New York is kept busy answering questions and demonstrating to visitors how easy it is simply to gather up and direct the instinct which is already present; for every community, especially where there is a sprinkling of immigrant population, is charged with that untrained love of music which is all that a good teacher requires for a working basis.

To get the full significance of what the movement is destined to accomplish one must visit the parent school during the week between two in the afternoon and ten at night, when lessons and rehearsals are going on ceaselessly.

Walk down the corridors of the upper floors, and you will see through the glass panel in the door of each of the twenty-five sound-proof little rooms a lesson going on, apparently in pantomime. Enter any room, and you are welcome. Neither teacher nor pupil is embarrassed, as less scholarly musicians would be. You know it is a lesson, so the assumption is that you have not come in a spirit of carping criticism; the pupil is doing his best, for this precious half-hour comes but twice a week and is dearly bought at a quarter from a scanty family budget.

The teacher is good or the teacher is shifted, for that is the principle of the school. And to one who has studied music a generation ago and still remembers the hatred with which he practiced scales the lesson is a revelation. Here is a baby of eight learning to transpose on the piano; and she can do it, for has not the teacher explained that the key is merely the house in which the tune lives? And every tenement child knows what an every-day affair it is to move. As for practicing, that is fun; for, instead of endless scales and arpeggios, there are tinkling little tunes to be learned, and phrasing, which appeals to the imagination; and in the harmony class the whys and wherefores of the sharps and flats are revealed.

Every half-hour a bell rings, and all along the corridor the doors open, one set of pupils comes out while another set goes in. The key to the complicated schedule is kept by the registrar, whose duty it is to arrange for thirty-five thousand lessons given by seventy teachers to over seven hundred pupils in twenty-five rooms in the course of a year.

As for the teachers, they are of two classes, regular professional teachers and "pupil teachers." The latter are advanced pupils of the school who have proved themselves competent to give lessons. In the early days pupils and "pupil teachers" were indistinguishable to the naked eye. All wore short trousers or brief skirts, and there was an indiscriminate interchange of first names.

While lessons are going on upstairs, the library on the ground floor and the registrar's office in the basement are both busy places. The music library, the recipient of many donations from publishers, is one of the finest in America, and this the pupils draw upon for work at home.

Down in the registrar's office one may see the wheels go round. Every scholar reports here before going up to his lesson. A month's lessons are paid for in advance; they come twice a week and are twenty-five cents each, and there are scholarships for those who are unable to pay even this modest sum. Behind the desk is a glass case full of violins of all sizes, of strings, bridges, rosin, and other implements of the tune-maker's art. These supplies the school buys at wholesale rates and sells at cost to the pupils. Four dollars and a half will buy a violin, bow, and case, and it is a revelation to find how much music can be extracted from instruments of this grade.

In the back of the room, at the long magazine table, are brothers waiting for little sisters, pupils who have come early for their lessons for the privilege of reading a story first, others who come early for no special reason except that they would rather spend their time in the school than in their crowded homes or in the streets.

Meanwhile the Junior Orchestra is rehearsing in the concert-room. These are the pupils who have graduated from the Primary and are climbing painfully up the steep path to the Senior. Last year three were promoted. Who knows who the lucky ones may be this year?

Mr. Stowell, the Assistant Director of the School, conducts. There is a difference between this and the Sunday rehearsal. There is more noise and less music, yet here is obviously the other in the making.

At six o'clock the rehearsal is over and the performers pour out, while the applicants for admission to the violin department file in. Half a dozen urchins from the orchestra remain, a critical jury, lined up on the edge of the platform behind the piano stool on which sits Mr. Stowell in judicial calm. When the quavering flatted notes of a particularly incompetent little applicant resound through

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the big room, the members of the jury have to be severely reminded that they are hosts, and that their criticism has not been requested. But when a boy or girl of real ability is being tested, instantly he commands the respect of the volunteer jury. Now and then Mr. Stowell even asks for their comments.

After each test Mr. Stowell fills in the registration card with a word as to the child's rating, and in the long waiting list this is used as a guide for admission.

Applicants to the school vary all the way from the tiny boy carrying a three-string fiddle in a brown paper bag, accompanied by an anxious mother, who explains that he gathers pennies by playing on the street corners, to the prosperous children of Grand Street merchants who refer to themselves as "difficult on the piano;" they can pay for private teachers, but vaguely realize that none are to be had on the East Side so good as those at the School. Some there are who have studied with "professors" of the neighborhood—talented children, perhaps, whose ability has been well-nigh ruined by the training they have received in stiff, accurate, joyless music, which must be unlearned before they can be started on the right track. In one of the "professor schools" a teacher came upon two children playing different tunes at one time on the same piano.

Dinner-time comes, but the sound of piano and violin does not abate for a minute. Pupils who come between six and eight snatch a hasty meal before or after the lesson, while the evening shift of teachers succeeds the afternoon shift without a break.

By the time dinner is over for the residents the evening programme is well under way. The school combines with its teaching all the normal activities of a settlement; clubs and lessons are going on upstairs, and a game of basket-ball on the electric-lighted roof. In the concert-room is a student's recital, perhaps, or the choral class. On Tuesday evenings comes the weekly rehearsal of the Wage-Earners' Orchestra, which is the latest addition to the Settlement's programme, made in protest against the assumption that the school is only for children and young people.

This orchestra welcomes every one who plays a stringed, wood, or wind instrument. Thus there has gathered not only from the immediate neighborhood but from the city at large a group of men and women who work all day and have no time for study or practice.

They come, a motley crew: here a bookkeeper who is at his desk from eight to six; there a young Jewish dentist who practices his profession long hours—he has a correct ear and some facility on the violin; here is a girl 'cellist who in the daytime is a stenographer in a business office; two sisters who play the cornet; a grocer with a second violin; a dry-goods clerk with a bass.

Of course the hospitable terms on which the orchestra is conducted mean a bad proportion of instruments; but this work is primarily for the relaxation of the players, and the performance will grow more tuneful with age. Meanwhile everybody concerned enjoys Tuesday evening hugely.

One wonders, perhaps, how much difference the School makes in the lives of the pupils and their families. Ask the residents, and they hardly know how to answer you, for the question is one of intangible spiritual values. They will tell you any number of stories, funny, pathetic, tragic.

There is Samuel, whose father was inspired to take violin lessons and arranged with his small son to learn from that son each week what the teacher at the School had taught him. With one set of lessons and one teacher between them father and son had been working side by side some time before Sammy happened to mention this very natural arrangement at the School.

"And does your father practice regularly, Sammy?" asked the amused teacher. Sammy looked up in hurt surprise.

"Does he practice? *Sure* does he practice!" said he, simply. "And why wouldn't he practice when he didn't have it when he was young?"

There is Etta, aged nine, who is unusually gifted with a sense of rhythm and a correct ear, whose little hands patter over the keys with an airy precision that would do credit to a performer of twice her years. For a while Etta had no piano at home, and managed her practicing on a table. In the mazes of a complicated schedule it so fell out that Etta's lessons and those of her brother Isidor were set this year for different days. The family lives miles from the School.

"The Subway in rush hours is no place for little girls," said Isidor, sagely, and quietly set himself the task of coming and going twice a week with his little sister and waiting for her while she had her lesson. When there is to be a piano recital in the evening, however, Isidor is not drafted for the

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A REHEARSAL

return journey, for Etta always wants to stay for these, and the older brother, who is a clerk in a downtown store, never misses a chance to attend them.

And so with family after family it develops that the School is the center of activity for all their scant hours of leisure.

After you have learned to know the pupils a little you no longer question how much difference the School makes in their lives; for you see that it has wrought something rather like the miracle that the fairy godmother's wand wrought for Cinderella—only the effects are lasting.

It is as if this School with its wizard Director had hewn out of the toneless substance which makes up the daily life of the poor a doorway set with a fast-closed gate; as if the hands of each little pupil had been intrusted with a key that he might unlock the gate and pass out into the endless possibilities of that other world where the warping, dwarfing powers of poverty no longer swallow up individuality; where artist meets fellow-craftsman on a level of mutual respect; where each traveler is estimated at the value of the thing in which he excels, and where physical conditions are set at naught.

And so they live and work side by side—those who clasp the precious key and those who have it not; and to those with the key is given the power to open the gate a little way for others to catch a glimpse of the shining vistas beyond.

You can see the miracle work any evening in the homes of these people when a weary father returns from work and Izzie or Miriam gets out the fiddle and plays, and all along the tenement corridors doors open and the neighbors listen.

And then you understand perhaps why, in the eyes of the Director of this School, the life of a professional musician seems a paltry thing in comparison with the opportunity open to these boys and girls to go forth among their people bearing their message of cheer into the colorless lives of those that labor and are heavy laden.

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From Einstein

An Interview with

David Warfield

By Hartley Davis

WARFIELD AS EINSTEIN

WHEN David Warfield talked of his work, he was earnest. When he talked of his landscapes, he was enthusiastic; his eyes sparkled, his voice had the vibrant feeling that grips his audiences.

He didn't talk about its "atmosphere," its "feeling;" he didn't use a single one of the familiar stock expressions of the amateur of the studio. He loved the painting for its tranquil peace, the tender sheen of the trees, the silver lake nestling among them. Above all, he loved it for the good green earth in the foreground.

"Isn't it lovely?" he said. "Isn't it beautiful? There are worms in that ground."

It was very plain that if Warfield did not feel there were worms in that ground he would not have cared for the picture, because honest ground that is beautiful always has living things in it. He might have expressed the idea much more poetically; but the idea came to him in simple, concrete fashion, and he gave voice to it. That is the Warfield way. He is one of the most effective actors that ever lived, because he never strives for effect. He tries to make you see and feel as he sees and feels, to make you understand as he understands.

He is genuine always. Of all the actors in the past twenty-five years whose greatness has been recognized, he is the simplest. He has mannerisms, but no affectations. His clothes have the commonplaceness of dull respectability, except the soft hat, which is generally shapeless. He never wears jewelry, but he gladly pays $500 for a beautiful snuff-box or an antique watch for his cabinet of gems. He has many valuable paintings, nearly all of them landscapes, and superb tapestries.

"They are beautiful too," he said. He caressed a wonderfully wrought Venetian piece with tenderness. As I watched the stroking motion of his hand I knew he would say:

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to Peter Grimm

"We have no children; so we fill our home with the beautiful things we can buy."

The commercial value of his art treasures interests Warfield not at all; his measure of them is their appeal to his sense of beauty. He may chuckle over the fact that a dealer offered him $1,200 for a watch that he bought at a sale for $200. He briefly gives the history of the gold snuff-boxes, if you ask him, but he becomes eloquent when he speaks of the design, the workmanship, the color of the enamel.

He lives in an apartment overlooking Central Park in New York City. Its frontage of eighty feet on the Park appeals to him more than anything else.

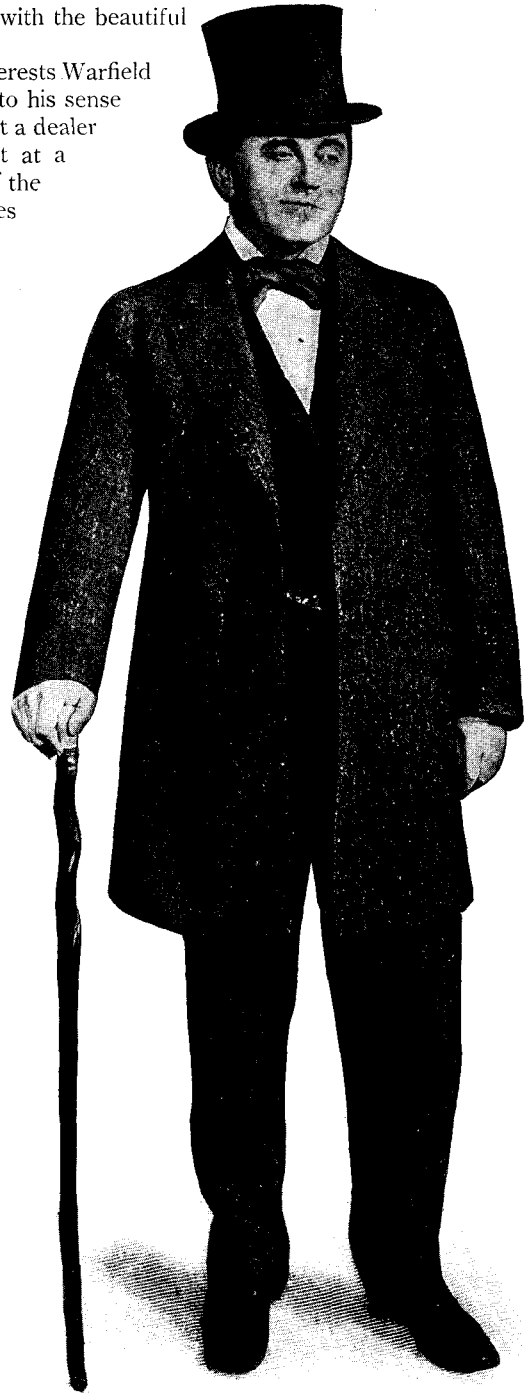
"I would live in a house of my own," he said, "but—we have no children, and I have only one season in three in New York. There is no one but my wife and her sister, and they feel safer and less lonely in an apartment than they would in a house."

These things go far towards explaining how David Warfield could pass so surely from Einstein to Peter Grimm; they reveal some of the qualities that make him what he is. For my part, I think him the greatest living actor in English, greater even than Forbes-Robertson. I am sure that Warfield could move his audiences as deeply as does the English player in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," and I doubt if Forbes-Robertson could play Einstein with Warfield's effectiveness and humor.

If you call Warfield a genius, he looks bored; if you say he has the soul of an artist, he will flush with pleasure and stammer that he hopes it is true. He knows perfectly well that all players are fond of the word, that they use it in a sense that makes it ridiculous, but for him it has a broad and fine significance.

"I am not an intellectual actor," and he added, with a little trace of regret, "I am not an intellectual man. I am just human, and I try to be natural and honest." Then, with a chuckle: "But, as an actor, I have always had a very good opinion of myself." With a sudden transition to seriousness: "I suppose that is why I have succeeded. I have had confidence in myself to do the things I set out to do.

"When I was a school-boy in San Francisco, I made up my mind to be an actor, and, being a boy, I was to be a great actor.



WARFIELD AS PETER GRIMM

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Most of the other youngsters had the same ambition. I clung to mine. I was a good story-teller." He paused, then, with the impersonal air of a man determined to be absolutely just: "I was a very good story-teller. The values of a story seemed to come to me instinctively, just as dialects do."

"What is the secret of dialect?" I interrupted.

"It is purely a gift which is something you could not gain by practice or by cultivation. It is a matter of the ear in receiving delicate shades of intonation, of understanding idiom, and the ability to reproduce the intonation with absolute accuracy. All dialects that I have ever heard came to me easily, yet I never consciously studied one.

"When I was seventeen, I began giving little entertainments before lodges and clubs. I imitated actors. I gave burlesques. I had one of Bernhardt in 'Camille,' in which I imitated three or four characters. I worked in a theater as an usher so that I might have opportunity to see as many plays and actors as possible. When I came to New York—"

"Had you been on the professional stage then?"

"For a few minutes only. My first appearance was a fearful failure. It was in a kind of beer hall in San Francisco. I was so frightened that my stories fell flat. I told them mechanically, and the audience laughed me off the stage. I wasn't permitted to appear again. My pride was terribly outraged. I wanted no more of San Francisco then. I determined to come to New York, and when I left San Francisco I said, 'I will not come back till I come as a star.'

"It was just a silly boast of youth, but it happened to come true. I did not see San Francisco again for ten years, when I appeared there in 'The Auctioneer.'

"My first appearance in New York was in a concert hall in Eighth Avenue—Payne's, I believe its name was. I was glad to get an opportunity to tell my stories and give my imitations for $15 a week. It was exactly the same entertainment I attempted in San Francisco, but it had a real success in New York."

"How do you explain that?" I asked.

"I don't know," he said, simply; "it just happened. I passed muster. It was to be."

While he was working in the concert hall he went to William A. Brady, whom he had known in San Francisco, who gave him a small part in "The Inspector," a melodrama. Afterwards he played an Irishman in "O'Dowd's Neighbors," and was successful in his specialties in both. Then he joined Russell's comedians in "About Town." In the company were Luke Schoolcraft, Willis P. Swettman, Dan Daly. He told his stories and gave his imitations at the Bijou Theater in New York, and, while he was successful, he did not attract any particular attention. It was in "About Town" that Warfield was compelled to be on the stage for thirty minutes without having a thing to do. This gave him opportunity to show the stuff that was in him. Purely on his own initiative he developed a lay figure into a pantomime part that dominated the entertainment. This so impressed the manager that he had a play written practically for Warfield, in which the actor played the part of a detective who used many disguises. It was in this that Warfield created the character which made his early fame and which revolutionized the type of the comedy Jew on the stage, and which is known familiarly as Einstein. No character has been so universally imitated, even to the smile out of the corner of the mouth. I asked Warfield about the original of the stage character.

"I never studied the character of Einstein; I just saw him. There were hundreds of him on lower Broadway. All that I could see was the collarless man in the frock coat, the derby hat jammed on the back of the head, thrusting the ears out. They all seemed alike, even to their walk, clamping along on their heels with their toes turned outward. They all seemed to have the same straggly whiskers that had never known the touch of the razor. Everybody in New York was familiar with the type. It just happened that nobody else happened to make use of it for stage purposes.

"The comedy in which Einstein first appeared was never given in New York. But it was so successful that my salary was fixed at $80 a week—only I didn't get it all.

"The first appearance of the character in New York was for one night only, and it came about as the result of a benefit ball game. Mr. Lederer engaged me to play in the burlesques of 'Sans Gene' and 'Trilby' at the Casino. I asked for permission to introduce the Jew character. He wouldn't hear of it. 'That's my clientele,' he said to me. 'If you caricature the Jews on the stage, my people will walk out of the theater.' I couldn't convince him.

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WARFIELD IN "THE AUCTIONEER"

"It happened that a benefit baseball game had been arranged between actors in two companies, in which they were to appear in their stage costumes. Mine was so commonplace that I decided to go on the ball-field made up as Einstein. When I walked across the field, collarless, the shabby frock coat, the old derby hat jammed against my ears, the straggly beard, the expression of earnest intentness, there was a roar. The people recognized the walk immediately. They jumped at the conclusion that the character was real and began to guy me. And then it dawned on them that it was a stage make-up.

"When Lederer heard of the hit at the ball game, he suggested that I try the specialty the last night that the 'Merry World' appeared at the Casino in New York. I went to Lee Harrison's dressing-room—he was the best 'feeder' in the specialty that I ever had—and asked him if he would help me out on it. He said he would. The appearance of Einstein at the Casino made a sensation. They laughed so heartily all the time I was on the stage that I didn't have a chance to say a word. The pantomime was all that was necessary. The next day we went to Chicago, and Einstein had a firmly fixed place in the performance.

"But the real introduction of Einstein to New York did not take place until the following season, when Mr. Lederer produced 'In Gay New York.' In the meantime I had developed the specialty. In fact, it grew all the time I was playing it. I added new pantomime, or, as we call it, 'business,' and new stories from time to time."

Within a week Warfield was established as one of the drollest and most original fun-makers that New York had known. It was shown that he had one of those quick-thinking minds that enabled him to take advantage of every opportunity. Einstein's stories and his sayings became a part of the vernacular.

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I asked him what was the most successful story he told in this character. He replied without hesitation:

"It was the story in which Harrison told me about his wonderful house, the furnishings of which cost him $2,000 and on which he had $20,000 insurance."

The slow smile that spread over Warfield's face and the significant expression with which he asked the question, "Why don't you—" brought a storm of laughter.

"It is a curious thing," Warfield observed, "that if I had completed the sentence nobody would have laughed. In fact, I tried it on two or three occasions, just to prove this, and there was not even a chuckle."

There was also the dog story. Warfield came in breathless, explaining that a barking dog had pursued him, whereupon Harrison said: "What's the matter with you? Don't you know that a barking dog won't bite?" There is no way of conveying the earnestness and reproach of Einstein's manner and intonation as he replied:

"Yeah, I know a barking dog won't bite; you know a barking dog won't bite; but the dog—he don't know it."

Warfield does not know where he got his Hebrew dialect, which is so perfect. He simply says he had it, that he never consciously studied it. The three-cornered smile, which has become characteristic of the type, had no foundation at all. Warfield is inclined to think that he always had a habit of smiling out of the corner of his mouth, although it is quite possible that the many years he played Einstein may have caused this peculiarity.

His fame was already great when he went to Weber and Fields, where he remained three years, and the character of Einstein became known all over the country. He received an offer of a thousand dollars a week to go into vaudeville and did not even consider it, although his salary at that time was only $300 a week. He was the most distinguished of the greatest company of fun-makers ever gotten together in one organization in this country.

That organization was known as the "Happy Family," but the happiness was mostly on the outside. The performance took up a certain number of minutes, of which a considerable part was given over to the choruses, songs, and dances. There was so little time left for the comedians—and there were many of them—that the rivalry for supremacy was very great. The man who could provoke the most laughter was entitled to hold the stage longest. In these encounters Warfield never was worsted. Yet of the comedians he was the least paid.

"Don't think that I didn't appreciate my worth from a box-office standpoint," he said; "but it wasn't important enough to fuss about. I was always looking ahead, waiting for the time when I could play serious parts. I knew it would come. I was getting ready for it. I told you I always had a very good opinion of myself as an actor. That is why the vaudeville offer didn't move me. If I had gone into vaudeville, I would have been there yet and would never have amounted to anything."

It was when Warfield appeared in the burlesque of "Catherine" at Weber and Fields that it first dawned upon me and upon others who saw him that he was not merely a comic but truly a great actor. In this burlesque he travestied a rôle played originally by Mr. Lemoyne, and his work was a revelation. The swift transition from laughter to tears was almost uncanny. He swayed his audience at his own will. When I spoke to Warfield about this, he said:

"Burlesque is one of the great arts of the theater. There is nothing which makes such demands upon an actor. I think I learned more from the burlesque that I played in while with Weber and Fields than from anything else. Offers were made to me to become a star when I was in the music-hall, but the managers always talked to me in the language of money. I wanted something more than that. The vaudeville managers constantly increased their price, until they reached a point where they were willing to pay me $2,500 a week.

"One evening, when I went to the music-hall, I found a letter from David Belasco. Before I had read it, I said to myself, 'I am going to be a star, and I am ready.' That night I told my wife so, although Mr. Belasco merely asked me if I would come and see him. I called on him the next day. His first question was, 'How would you like to be a star?' which was exactly what I expected him to ask. Everything was settled within ten minutes—the business arrangements and all. I didn't see Mr. Belasco again for a year and a half. My contract with Weber and Fields had that much longer to run, and of course I would make no attempt to break it.

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"It was natural that we should decide that, as a star, I should play a character like that of Einstein, which, of course, could be developed into something finer and better as the play proceeded. The character of Levi in 'The Auctioneer' presented the sentiment and pathos which Einstein had hidden from the world.

"I was terribly frightened when we put on 'The Auctioneer.' It wasn't a very good play. Furthermore, I had been so long identified with low comedy that it was a question whether the public would accept me when I tried to be serious. The play was an utter failure when we first produced it; but we worked over it night and day. Mr. Belasco brought all his wizardry to bear. We made change after change. When we brought it into New York, two weeks later, it made a big hit.

WARFIELD IN "THE MUSIC MASTER"

Warfield paused. "They have always liked me in New York," he said, naïvely, as if he had just made the discovery.

"Did you like the character?"

"I loved it," he said, with conviction. "Somehow I always manage to persuade myself that the particular character I am playing is the best I ever had. I seem to do it very easily. And the longer I play it, the more my enthusiasm grows. I never give a really good performance until after I have played a character for at least six months. It takes that time to build it up, to develop its possibilities, to make it rounded and complete.

"I played 'The Auctioneer' two and a half years. During one year of that time we were considering the next play, which was to mark a radical departure. I told Mr. Belasco that I wanted to play a German of extreme refinement, delicate sensibilities, who spoke English with absolute precision, yet with the unmistakable German accent. Belasco suggested that the character be that of a musician, and Charles Klein was engaged to write the play. The result was 'The Music Master.'"

"Was the Beethoven suggestion planned?"

"It just happened. The idea of making up to look like Beethoven never entered my mind, although Mr. Belasco probably saw the possibilities. The arrangement of the hair

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brought it out very strongly. I have discovered that a different arrangement of the hair makes me look remarkably like Andrew Jackson.

"For myself, in making up for von Barwig in 'The Music Master,' my only thought was to arrange my hair like that of the musicians I had seen. Probably the one I had selected has followed Beethoven's way. The character of 'The Music Master' appealed to me so strongly that I never had the slightest fear of its success. I knew I could play the part, because it moved me so profoundly when I read it.

"I never study in the sense in which that word is conventionally used. I told you I wasn't an intellectual actor. My way is very simple. I read a complete play four or five times. Then I read my part over and over until it gets into my system. The things which move me most in the first reading become the most effective scenes in the play, and, if I am not stirred from the very first, no amount of building up, no subterfuge, enables me to increase the value of the scene. I don't know how or where the knowledge of what I am to do comes to me. I simply seem to feel it. It is a sort of intuition.

"It seems to me that the really successful actor is in a way hypnotized by the character he plays. It possesses him to a wonderful degree. It takes possession of his entire personality, culminating in the climacteric scenes with something that has in it the nature of hysteria. To me it is a kind of mystery. At times I strike awful notes of agony which seem to me more terrible than my own unaided imagination could conceive. I have known moments when the acting seemed to reach heights so much greater than I that I have been almost appalled. You see, I can't explain it at all; I can hardly even describe it to make it sound reasonable.

"You are not to think that I actually feel the emotions I try to portray every time I go on the stage. If I did, I should be worn out before the season was a month old. That is where the mechanics comes in. It is impossible for an actor to portray any great emotion unless he has really experienced that emotion. Once having had that experience, his technique will enable him to give the effects of it without any great drain upon his physical or mental powers.

"I find that every one doesn't know human nature—at least, not in the theater. It is all very well to read a long speech gracefully, with a finished rhythm. But people don't talk that way. They talk as I am talking to you: they stammer, they hem and haw, struggle for the right word; and that is the way I talk on the stage. I try to be just natural and honest. My characterization is built up of an infinitude of little things, and in this Mr. Belasco is a remarkable aid, as well as in the big things.

"Never have I played a part which frightened me so much, which has proved so difficult, as that of Peter Grimm, for, you know, in two acts of this play Peter Grimm is a spirit. There is no mechanical art by which the idea of a disembodied spirit can be visually conveyed. Manifestly I must stand on the stage in the flesh. There is no mechanical aid whatever to give the impression that I am not an ordinary human being. It must all be done by suggestion. In the second act I am on the stage for fifty-five minutes, and that one act takes more of my vitality than three whole performances of 'The Music Master.' For nearly an hour I must concentrate my forces to think every blessed thing I make the people about me say, the people who can neither see nor hear me. If I did not succeed in this, I would lose my countenance and the spirituality of the idea would be lost. I would become ridiculous. In all that time the many speeches I have are really one long soliloquy. I never once can catch the eye of the person I am talking to. I cannot even look at him; I must look *through* him. If the spiritual idea eludes me for a second, the whole play becomes ridiculous. 'The Return of Peter Grimm' is by far the most difficult thing I have ever done, and I cannot tell you how I learned to get these effects any more than I can tell you how I learned to get the others. They are all a part of the great mystery."

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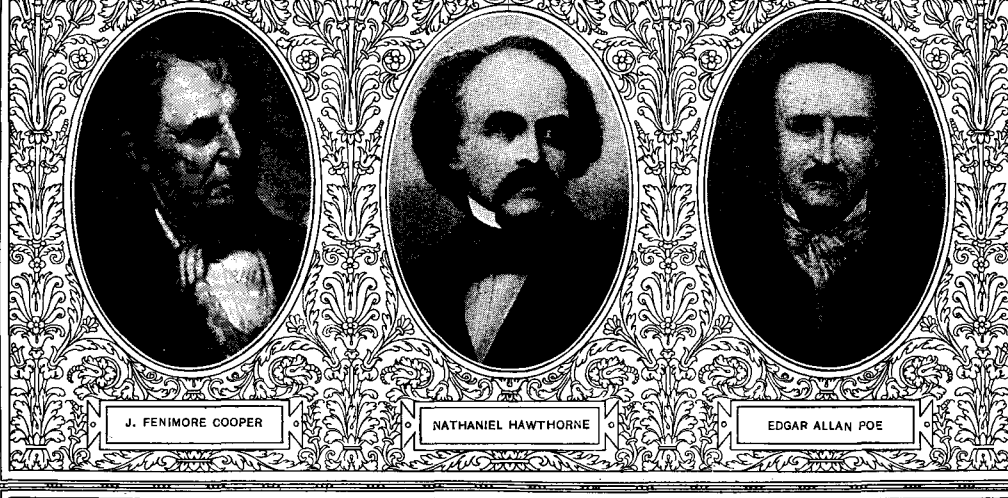

AMERICAN FICTION OLD AND NEW

BY HAMILTON W. MABIE

THERE were novels in this country before "The Spy" appeared in 1819 and the world began to read American fiction. It was the twilight of the Provincial period in American letters, and Cooper turned to England for a subject when he wrote "Precaution," a feeble imitation of the old-fashioned society novel. It was a failure, as it ought to have been, and Cooper was not slow to discover the reason. A good English novel, like a first-class Englishman, is a joy, but an imitation Englishman is even more unattractive than a sham American. If tradition can be trusted, Scott's success in dramatizing Scotch character and incident gave the American the clue to his own field, and he crossed the Harlem and found his material close at hand, as it always is when the man of imagination appears on the scene. The success of "The Spy" was due, not primarily to its art, but to its vital interest; it was a product of the soil, and Cooper had first-hand knowledge of his subject; his knowledge of the manners and people he tried to draw in "Precaution" had been second if not third hand.

And Hawthorne knew his shadowy people—drawn with sensitive skill but almost as bodiless as the figures in Poe's tales; for both these writers, whom we count among the half-dozen Americans who have made contributions to the literature of the world, were magicians living in a country of fantasy and dealing with men and women whose features faintly veil typical ancestral experiences, inherited tendencies, morbid temperaments. Hilda is no more tangible than Hester Prynne, and the mysterious crime in "The Marble Faun" is as remote as the tragedy of "The Scarlet Letter." The three American early story-writers whose audience was European as well as American presented curious contrasts; Cooper was a deeply dyed Romanticist, but his novels were made out of real stuff, handled without any pretense at subtlety; while Hawthorne and Poe threw shadows

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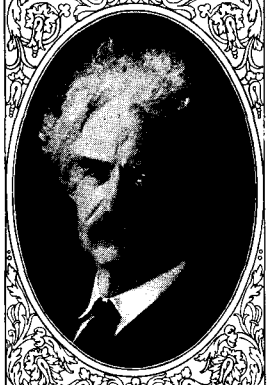
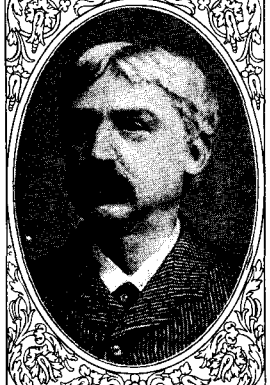
HARRIET BEECHER STOWE



C—GESSFORD
MARK TWAIN



BRET HARTE

on the mist or made the air of reality as impalpable and as elusive as the atmosphere in which Maeterlinck's plays are enveloped.

Mrs. Stowe, who next caught the attention of Europe, came on to the stage as suddenly as Charlotte Cushman appeared in "Meg Merrilies" and held her audience breathless for two hours and more. The great debate was in its last stages; all other interests were overshadowed by it. Those who had the gift of second sight already caught glimpses of a host of men moving across fields overhung with clouds through which lightning played. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was not the work of an artist, but of an impassioned woman of great energy of feeling and an imagination which kindled at the touch of emotion. It was not, like Turgenev's "Letters of a Sportsman," primarily a work of literature and incidentally a moving picture of class oppression; it was primarily the dramatization of a great issue in terms of human condition, and incidentally a moving novel. It was no more distinctively American than "The Spy" or "The Scarlet Letter," but it ran level with the hour and was a prelude to the birth of the Nation.

The war ran its course, the smoke was carried away by friendly winds, and the country began to see that a new day had dawned. As the shadows lifted, the second great wave of emigration westward was moving with swift momentum and new types of character were defining themselves on the great Plains and the lonely defiles of the mountains beyond the Plains, and the frontier was nearing the Pacific coast. At the eastern gates of the continent an army of immigrants was pouring in, bringing with them tongues that were strange in American ears. In New York the "Little Citizens" and "Little Aliens" of the future were predicted in the young Jews and Slavs who had heard the old cry, "Westward ho!" and followed it as men of pre-Revolutionary ancestry were following it to its ultimate goals. Over the whole continent there was a great stirring of life which was later to be precipitated in a host of stories.

The hour of reunion between the North and the South was also the hour of a closer relationship with Europe. The era of the international marriage, often tragic in the event but always alluring to the socially ambitious, set in; the self-made man stayed at home with his vast interests and sent his wife and daughters to Europe, and the American could be studied for the first time against a foreign background. It was the settled conviction of Europe that there was only one American and that he was undesirable; of the variety of American types most Europeans had as little idea as they had of the extent of the country. One delightful Englishman is reported to have promised to speak in Portland one evening and in New Orleans the following evening; and the writer was once asked by a charming woman in a Devonshire inn if Boston was not the most attractive suburb of New York!

At this moment Mr. Henry James appeared on the scene with those early stories which made young readers glad to be alive when "The Passionate Pilgrim" came from the press. The style has a solidity, a substance of thought, observation, and

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knowledge of the way the world lives, which were new in American fiction and gave people a feeling that at last we had "arrived," so to speak. Then followed a series of studies of international relations which the historian of the future will first study and then read; for, in that solemn pursuit of the elusive fact which we call history, play must follow work. In "The American" and in "Roderick Hudson" he will find character sketches of subtle and beautiful skill, and will discern the action and reaction of race and environment upon unsophisticated natures. The American in the older world will show his distinctive quality with a frank disregard of traditional opinion of what he ought to be to conform to the settled type which had then become fixed in the European mind.

Daisy Miller was a type quite as certainly as Isabel Archer, though many Americans were unwilling to recognize her; and "The Portrait of a Lady," it will be remembered, was the portrait of an American. So much has been said of the vulgar American abroad that one forgets that while he is more noisily vulgar, he is by no means so offensively vulgar as the vulgar German or Englishman.

Mr. James has said a good many plain things about his own country, and so has had the usual experience of the truth-teller, and has been charged with lack of patriotism by those whose test of loyalty is blindness; but Mr. James has failed in patriotism only at one point: of late years he has let intellectual interest in problems overtop artistic interest in people.

Mr. Howells was fortunate in starting life on the Ohio River and then going to Venice; he has kept his early simplicity unspotted from the sophistication of the world. He, too, has studied the American abroad—and the fresh, unworn charm of the American girl who had the good fortune to be born in the rather remote country comes back like a breath from an old-time New England garden when one recalls "The Lady of the Aroostook." A writer of great heart, Mr. Howells has used the tools of a Benvenuto Cellini, and has made sketches of American manners and traits as veracious as they have been unobtrusively charming, with a vein of humor running through them which has not yet received full recognition.

Mr. Howells has done more than paint delicately finished cabinet pictures; in "The Rise of Silas Lapham" he has drawn a full-length portrait of the self-made man who has been so vociferously celebrated by himself and others of late years; and in "A Hazard of New Fortunes" he has made the vicissitudes of the young American on the way to his place in the world dramatic without being spectacular.

While Sectional America was taking on the larger aspects of National America the historical spirit responded with an impulse which has given us a library of books in which American beginnings are traced with scholarly skill and charm of style. But American endings were fortunately dearer to American novelists, and the receding landscape of social life and habit in New England, the South, and the West was painted in that happy afternoon hour when the light blurs the sharp outlines that it may more subtly convey the spirit of

SARAH ORNE JEWETT

HENRY JAMES

WILLIAM D. HOWELLS

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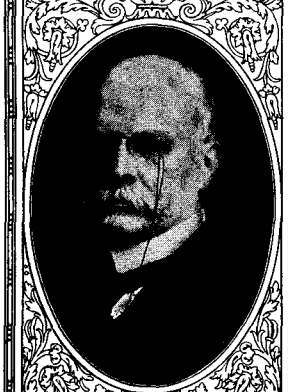
MARY E. WILKINS

THOMAS NELSON PAGE



JAMES LANE ALLEN

the scene. The short stories of Mr. Cable, Miss King, Mr. Allen, Mr. Page, Miss Jewett, Miss Wilkins, Mr. Garland, Bret Harte—to choose a few among many names—not only transferred a vanishing world at the very moment when it was beginning to fade, but added a group of what the French would call little masterpieces to our literature, developed a mastery in the writing of the short story which the French alone have rivaled, and fulfilled the prophecy implicit in Poe's tales of a skill born of sincere feeling, alert intelligence, and a delicate and sure artistic sense. Here is a group of stories so distinctively American that they form a series of local studies of a fidelity which sacrifices no truth and yet suffers no fact to detach itself and stand alone. To this period also belong Mark Twain's inimitable "Huckleberry Finn" and "Tom Sawyer;" tales of Americans of the middle period of refreshing vividness, unconventional vigor of diction, and original humor upon which the fame of this greatly overworked man of genius will finally rest. Edward Eggleston's "Roxy" and "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" are less important but not less veracious and convincing. Written at a time when the popular novels of the day were second-hand reports of polite society, these rustic tales seemed so rude to the unfortunate victims of the plush and gilt school that Mr. Eggleston used to recall with glee the question put to him in all innocence, "Mr. Eggleston, when are you going to put some folks in your stories?" Folks were people who had gotten away from the soil and begun to wear starched linen.

It is significant that this wide extension of literary interest and activity came at the hour in which Sectional America was passing, and that this, the prelude to the birth of the Nation, was a response to the feeling that something rare and significant was vanishing.

The next stage in the development of vital as distinguished from manufactured fiction in this country was marked by the appearance of Frank Norris, whose work was immature but profoundly significant. Copious and despondent writers had shown conclusively that the materialism of the country had sounded the death-knell of art. How many times the requiem of art has been sung, and how persistently art has shown an indecent disregard of mortuary preparations! The same blindness has fallen on those other prophets of lamentation whose long, monotonous chant has told the world that this is a materialistic age and that its achievements are purely mechanical, and has marshaled the railway, the steamship, the telegraph, the telephone, wireless telegraphy, the automobile, to prove their case—and have not so much as caught a glimpse of the marvelous ethical and spiritual possibilities which these wonderful devices for carrying speech and accelerating motion have put into the hands of the race.

To men smitten by this infirmity of vision the raising, transportation, and distribution of wheat were matters of business. They had never understood Emerson's significant words, "It came to them business, it left them poetry." Norris saw, what every man of imagination has always known

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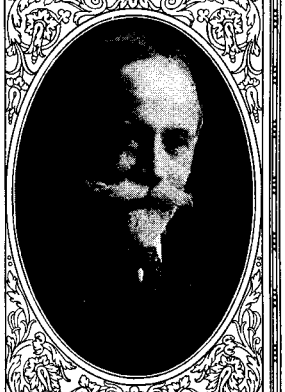
and what the most uninspired are now learning by experience, that business is not a colossal activity conducted in a vacuum, but a form of human energy vitally related to character and so sensitively a part of the life of society that the mere shifting of opinion, the lightest change of mood, automatically affects values. Norris understood business in terms of human life, and if he had lived to complete the trilogy of which "The Octopus" and "The Pit" were the initial volumes, he would have given us the Epic of Wheat in prose. The project was beyond his years and experience, but it was one of those noble failures which are preludes to the great successes.

There have been great changes since Norris died, and they have been so swift that they have already put into the hands of writers of fiction the stuff of which art is made. In the stir and strain of a changing society in which men and women are inspired to great enterprises, as General Armstrong, Dr. Frost, of Berea, and Miss Jane Addams, for example, have been, other men and women are made restless by the sense of great emotions and experiences which are beyond their reach. The tragedy of a small nature striving, not by the grace of aspiration but by the power of ambition, to achieve something which only a rich nature can command is admirably put in dramatic terms in Mr. Robert Grant's "Unleavened Bread;" a study of the crude, hard, ambitious American woman who has made possible the charge so often heard in France that American women are shallow, selfish, and "smart" in ideas, character, and manners. But Selma is not a typical American woman; she is one of the many victims of an age which intoxicates women of her slight nature, as it liberates and inspires large-souled women. Mr. Grant is a student of manners and men whose appearance is significant of the growing complexity of American social life.

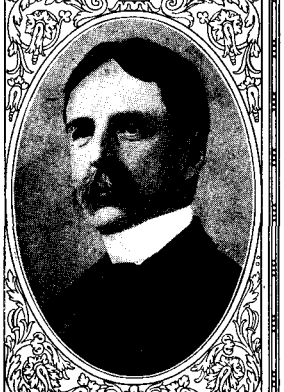
When "The House of Mirth" appeared, its striking ability was recognized, but there were those who declared that it was un-American. In one sense that was true: there was very little that was indigenous in the story. It was a veracious report of the habits and morals of a small group of men and women to be found in every age and country, in whom leisure, wealth, and absence of intellectual interests conspire to produce laxity of moral standards and a certain coarseness of fiber barely concealed by agreeable manners. The plain fact about the "fast set" in all times and places is that it is the vulgar set; and its vulgarity is more offensive because it is not a stage of social evolution but of social retrogression; it is almost invariably the vulgarity of people born to better things. Mrs. Edith Wharton is an artist of distinguished ability, whose integrity of observation is unassailable however one may dislike her subjects, and whose craftsmanship is sensitive and adroit; and the people she has drawn in her novels are Americans of a type which always appears when ethical instincts lose their sensitiveness and wealth is divorced from culture. For wealth is always materialistic and needs to be "converted" in every generation.

Dr. Lavendar, like Colonel Carter, is a man of the com-

MARGARET DELAND



GEORGE W. CABLE



J. E. PURDY
ROBERT GRANT

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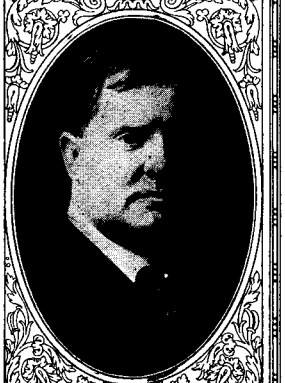
EDITH WHARTON

HAMLIN GARLAND



WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

munity large enough to bring out his kindly comradeship and small enough to make room for his charming provincialities. In such figures locality seems almost to attain personality. Colonel Carter has vanished; he survived his age and became a kind of contemporary Don Quixote; but in the native chivalry and inborn and invincible courtesy of the man a passing social order found its happy record. Mrs. Margaret Deland has written novels of great importance since she made the earliest sketch of Dr. Lavendar; she is not only an artist but an original force in fiction; but Dr. Lavendar remains the happiest portrait yet made of the shrewd, kindly, humorously wise American who has attained a knowledge of the world without going far from his hearth and in whom simple integrity rises to the height of a beautiful and beneficent nature.

If one looks at the book-stalls to-day, he is oppressed by the feeling that the ancient and honorable art of fiction has become a thriving trade in which competition remains unrestricted. But in this "welter of inanities," as Carlyle would probably have called it, there are books which show that a clear stream of literature still flows through the muddy stream of current story-writing.

The manufacturing of novels has become a lucrative industry, and, as the stories turned out by modern appliances wear out with a single reading, the stock in trade needs to be replenished almost hourly. It is said that skilled workers in this industry produce four complete stories a year; if reports are to be trusted, there is nothing incredible in this production, because, as in the case of other manufactured articles, the story is made in parts by a number of experts, and then put together with the dexterity of a trained mechanic. Side by side with these mechanicians the artists are at work, dealing with real things in a sincere spirit and with vital skill. Half a dozen recent novels might be named as examples of sound, honest work. Among stories which deal with distinctively American types and may be read not only as fiction but as social history Mr. Meredith Nicholson's "Hoosier Chronicle" marks such an advance on the earlier work of this promising writer that one is tempted to over-praise it. The distance between it and "The House of a Thousand Candles" is so great that one is ready to say that Mr. Nicholson has "arrived;" but there are higher achievements within his reach. His latest story is full of truth in its reproduction of local conditions; it has atmosphere, which means that its characters breathe; one of them is a piece of portraiture of which an experienced painter of character might be proud.

The story gives one a glimpse of the American life in which real idealism is set against simplicity of background. It is loosely constructed and not convincing at all points, but it is unaffectedly human in the wholesome Central Western way. And Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams's "Married Life of the Frederic Carrolls" has the same air of modest integrity. It is less romantic than Mr. Nicholson's story, and is, to that extent, more sincere. Those who care only for highly seasoned stories of social "climbers" and of the walking-on-the-edge-

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of-the-precipice plot will not care for Mr. Williams's admirable novel; that is one of the evidences of its soundness.

Mrs. Mary S. Watts evidently knows her field at first hand; she has the courage of a woman of unaffected integrity of insight in facing the facts of life, and her style is extraordinarily concrete; she makes her people tell the truth about themselves with appalling frankness.

In "Nathan Burke" she sketched the career of a man of elemental energy with unflinching frankness of detail, and reported the local background of the Mexican War with unsparing realism. In "The Tenants" and "Legacy" the fading dignity of the older social order of the Ohio Valley and the rise of the self-made men who were born on the soil are studied with keen insight, reinforced by intimate knowledge of motives and manners. Mrs. Watts has a field of her own and a style as individual as it is convincing.

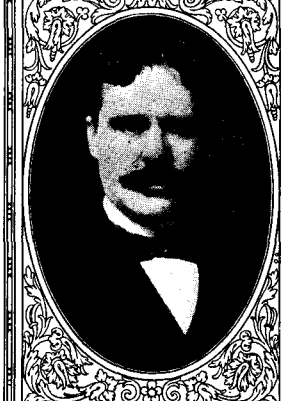
Mr. Owen Wister finds his place among the most distinctly American novelists of the day, not because he writes about cowboys, but because he is so elementally democratic in spirit and so "thoroughly man," to quote an effective colloquialism. It is this quality which has made him the authentic reporter instead of the exploiter of the men who made the old frontier so dramatically interesting. A writer of the best traditions, both academic and literary, Mr. Wister has the directness of insight and the quick, instinctive sympathy of the elemental human being. He might have been a "little New Englander," of whom there are not a few; or a "little Philadelphian," of whom there is no lack; but he has escaped these sectional handicaps and is an American to whom no type of genuine man is alien. He has as quick a sense of fellowship with the man with the lasso as with the man at the head of the university; but this fellowship is genuine, not dramatic; it is not the professional interest of the impressionist in search of local color, but of the normal man surviving all educational processes and emerging intact from the discipline of a generous culture.

This characterization would be impertinent if the writer and the man in Mr. Wister were not one and the same, so that it is impossible to interpret the work without revealing the man. "Lady Baltimore" is at the farthest possible remove from "The Virginian," and achieves an entirely different kind of success by the play of precisely the same qualities. It would be interesting to analyze the artistic skill which gives these two novels a place in American literature as well as in American fiction; they strikingly illustrate the difference between the dexterity which can be gained by practice and vital literary art.

It is interesting to note that the two men who have studied the American in his recent political and business activities live in States as far apart as Vermont and Kansas. Mr. Winston Churchill has shown from the beginning a definite impulse toward the study of the National temperament and character, not so much from the standpoint of analysis as from the dramatic and epical point of view; the point of view, in a word, from which movement and events are more important than the careers of individuals. In "Richard Carvel" he made an

MARY S. WATTS

HAESELER
WINSTON CHURCHILL



OWEN WISTER

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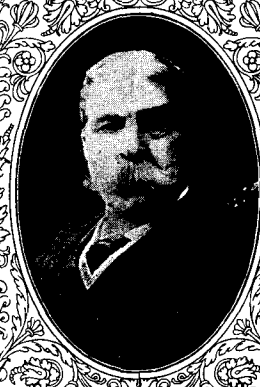
interesting and picturesque sketch of the Colonial American; in "The Crossing" the American is seen in the first great movement of emigration Westward which peopled the Mississippi Valley; in "The Crisis" the two types of American, one bred under Northern influence and the other under Southern traditions, are shown in contrast and collision in the very center of the continent. In "The Career of Richard Crewe" and "Coniston" the scene of action narrows and the characters stand out with greater vigor and definiteness; and in these stories the emphasis rests on contemporary aspects of American life. Mr. Churchill's work will bear revision, and his art is not always adequate to the heavy tasks he lays upon it, for he deals with themes of epic significance and makes as great demands on himself and on his readers as does Sienkiewicz; but his talent runs along broad, generous lines, and he knows his field because he, too, is deeply sympathetic with the democratic movement.

When Mr. William Allen White answered his own question, "What's the Matter with Kansas?" it was obvious that he was on familiar ground and was afraid neither of the seasoned conventions of the East nor of the more recent but not less exacting conventions of the West; and it was simply a matter of time when his humorous observation, his journalistic instinct for "nailing the fact," and his unconventional picturesqueness of style would dramatize the rise of a typical man of energy and force climbing to fortune by the aid of a mounting tide of prosperity in a Western community.

The most striking qualities about "A Certain Rich Man" are its broad, simple, human interest, its reliance on the facts of life to carry the interest of the narrative, its homespun sincerity. In the field of fiction this elemental American novel has something of the interest of Whitman's verse in the field of poetry; it has a climate, as Mr. Burroughs has said of Whitman; an out-of-doors air of indifference to old-established values and a courageous faith in the interest of the facts of human life when they are not obscured by social customs or deflected by rigid conventions. It is the story of a career carried forward with audacious energy, in a spirit of adventure as bold and as indifferent to the interests of others as that which pushed through to success in the Renaissance, but checked by the rising resentment of the community. It is the story of a buccaneer in terms of modern business, and is a key to much of the discontent of to-day. There are flaws in its structure, but its fidelity to life is unimpeachable.

In such novels as "A Certain Rich Man" the commercial evolution of the American in a period of swift and bewildering prosperity finds a record illuminating in its disclosure of character corrupted by rank materialism.

MEREDITH NICHOLSON



F. HOPKINSON SMITH

FRANK NORRIS

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GOING TO SCHOOL

THE FIRST OF A NEW SERIES ON AMERICAN CHILDREN

BY ELIZABETH McCRACKEN

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALICE AUSTIN

AN elderly woman was talking to me not long ago about her childhood. "No, my dear, I did not have a governess," she said, in answer to my questionings. "Neither did I attend the public schools, though I lived in the city. I went to a private school. The pupils in it were the girls of the little social circle to which my parents belonged. There were perhaps twenty of us in all. And there were three teachers; one for the 'first class,' one for the 'second class,' and a French-German-music-and-drawing-teacher-in-one for both classes."

"And what did you study?" I asked.

"Besides French, German, music, and drawing?" my elderly friend mused. "Well, we had the three R's; and history, English and American, and geography, and deportment. I think that was all."

"And you liked it?" I ventured.

"Yes, my dear, I did," replied my friend, "though I used to pretend that I didn't. I sometimes even 'played sick' in order to be allowed to stay home from school. Children then, as now, thought they ought to 'hate to go to school.' I believe most of them did, too. I happened to be a 'smart' child; so I liked school. I suppose 'smart' children still do."

A "smart" child! In my mind's eye I can see my elderly friend as one, sitting at the "head" of her class, on a long, narrow bench, her eyes shining with a pleased consciousness of "knowing" the lesson, her cheeks rosy with expectation of the triumph sure to follow her "saying" of it, her lips parted in an eagerness to begin. Can we not all see her, that "smart" child of two generations ago?

As for her lesson, can we not hear it with our mind's ear? In arithmetic, it was the multiplication table; in English history, the names of the sovereigns and the dates of their reigns; in geography, the capitals of the world; in deportment—ah, in deportment, a finer lesson than any of our schools teach now! These were the lessons. Indeed, my elderly friend has told me as much. "And not easy lessons, either, my dear, nor easily learned, as the lessons of school-children seem to be to-day. We had no kindergartens; the idea that lessons were play had not come in; to us lessons were work, and hard work."

My friend gave a little sigh and shook her head ever so slightly as she concluded. It was plain that she deprecated modern educational methods. "Schools have changed," she added.

And has not the attitude of children toward going to school changed even more? Do many of them "hate to go"? do any of them at all think they "ought to hate to go"? Is a single one "smart" in the old-time sense of the word?

A winter or two ago I was recovering from an illness in a house which, by great good fortune, chanced to be situated on a suburban street corner, not only near a large public school, but directly on the main route of the children going to and from it. My chief pleasure during that shut-in winter was watching those children. Four times a day—at half-past eight, at half-past twelve, at half-past one, and at half-past three—I would take the window to see them going by. They were of many ages and sizes; from the kindergarten babies to the boys and girls of the ninth grade. None of them could possibly have been described as "creeping like snail unwillingly to school." As a usual thing, they came racing pell-mell down the three streets that converged at my corner; after school they as tumultuously went racing up, homeward. I never needed to consult the clock in order not to miss seeing the children. When I heard from outside distant sounds of laughing and shouting, I knew that a school session had just ended—or was about to begin. Which, I could only tell by noting the time. The same joyous turmoil heralded the one as celebrated the other. Clearly, these

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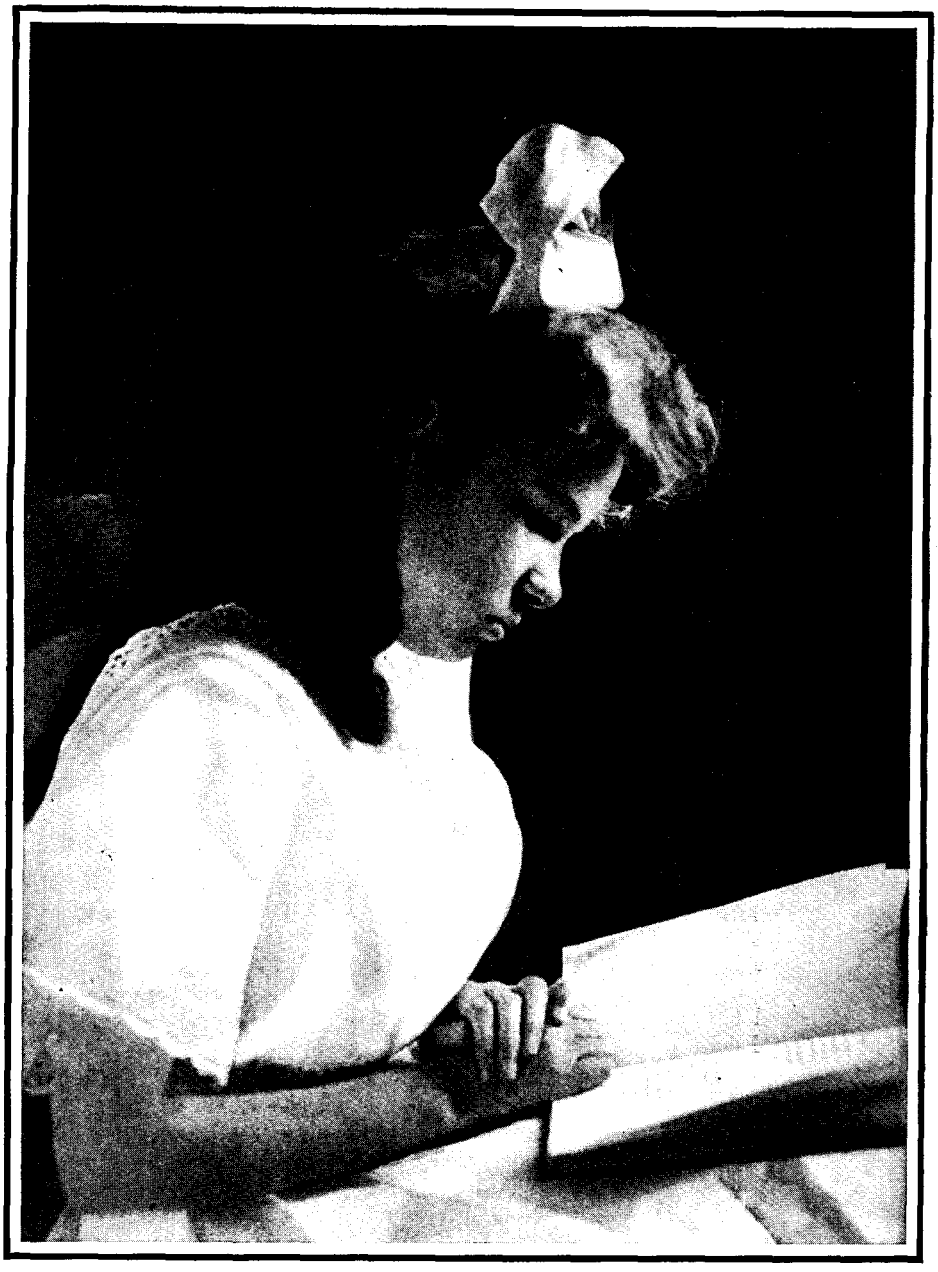

"CHILDREN DO NOT STUDY GRAMMAR NOW; THEY ARE GIVEN 'LANGUAGE WORK'"

children at least did not "hate to go to school"!

One of them, a little boy of nine, a friend and near neighbor of mine, liked it so well that enforced absence from it constituted a punishment for a major transgression. "Isn't your boy well?" I inquired of his mother when she came to call one evening. "A playmate of his who was here this afternoon told me that he had not been in school to-day."

"Oh, yes, he is perfectly well!" my friend exclaimed. "But he is being disciplined—"

"Disciplined?" I said. "Has he been so insubordinate as that in school?"

"Not in school," the boy's mother said; "at home." Then, seeing my bewilderment, she elucidated. "When he is *very* naughty

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at home, I keep him out of school. It punishes him more than anything else, because he loves to go to school."

Another aspect of the subject presented itself to my mind. "I should think he would fall behind in his studies," I commented.

"Oh, no," she replied; "he doesn't. Children don't fall behind in their studies in these days," she added. "They don't get a chance. Every single lesson they miss their teachers require them to 'make up.' When my boy is absent for a day, or even for only half a day, his teacher sees that he 'makes up' the lessons lost before the end of the week. When I was a child, and happened to be absent, no teacher troubled about *my* lost lessons! *I* did all the troubling! I laboriously 'made them up;' the thought of examination days coming along spurred me on."

Those examination days! How amazed, almost amused, our child friends are when we, of whose school days they were such large and impressive milestones, describe them! A short time ago I was visiting an old schoolmate of mine. "Tell me what school was like when you and mother went," her little girl of ten besought me.

So I told her. I dwelt upon those aspects of it differing most from school as she knows it—the "Scholarship Medal," the "Prize for Bible History," and the other awards, the bestowal of which made "Commencement Morning" of each year a festival unequaled, to the pupils of "our" school, by any university commencement in the land, however many and brilliant the number of its recipients of "honorary degrees." I touched upon the ease with which even the least remarkable pupil in that school could repeat the Declaration of Independence and recount the "causes" of the French Revolution. Finally, I mentioned our examination days—six in January, six more in June.

"What did you do on them?" inquired the little girl.

"Will you listen to that?" demanded her mother. "Ten years old—and she asks what we did on examination days! This is what it means to belong to the rising generation—not to know, at ten, anything about examination days!"

"What *did* you do on them?" the little girl persisted.

"We had examinations," I explained. "All our books were taken away, and we were given paper and pen and ink—"

"And three hours for each examination," my friend broke in. "We had one in the morning and another in the afternoon."

"Yes," I went on. "One morning we would have a grammar examination. Twenty questions would be written on the blackboard by our teacher, and we would write the answers—in three hours. On another morning, or on the afternoon of that same day, we might have an arithmetic examination. There would be twenty questions, and three hours to answer them in, just the same."

"Do you understand, dear?" said the little girl's mother. "Well, well," she went on, turning to me before the child could reply, "how this talk brings examination days back to my remembrance! What excitement there was! And how we worked getting ready for them! I really think it was a matter of pride with us to be so tired after our last examination of the week that we had to go to bed and dine on milk toast and a soft-boiled egg!"

The little girl was looking at us with round eyes. "Does it all sound very queer?" I asked.

"The going to bed does," she made reply; "and the milk toast and the egg for dinner, and the working hard. The examinations sound something like the tests we have. *They* are questions to write answers to, but we don't think much about them. I don't believe any of the girls or boys go to bed afterwards, or have milk toast and eggs for dinner—on purpose, because they have had a test!"

She was manifestly puzzled. "Perhaps it is because we have tests about every two weeks, and not just in January and June," she suggested.

She did not seem disposed to investigate further the subject of her mother's and my school days. In a few moments she ran off to her play. When she was quite out of hearing her mother burst into a hearty laugh. "Poor child!" she exclaimed. "She thinks we and our school were very curious. I wonder why," she continued more seriously, "we did take examinations, and lessons too, so weightily. Children don't in these days. The school days of the week are so full of holiday spirit for them that, actually, Saturday is not much of a gala day. Think of what Saturday was to us! What glorious times we had! Why, Saturday was *Saturday*, to us! Do you remember the things we did? You wrote poems and I painted pictures, and we read stories, and 'acted' them. Then, we

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had our gardens in the spring, and our experiments in cake-baking in the winter. My girls do none of these things on Saturday. The day is not to them what it was to us. I wonder what makes the difference."

I had often wondered; but these reflections of my old schoolmate gave me an inkling of what the main difference is. To us, school had been a place in which we learned lessons from books—books of arithmetic, books of grammar, or other purely academic books. For five days of the week our childish minds were held to our lessons; and our lessons, without exception, dealt with technicalities—parts of speech, laws of mathematics, facts of history, definitions of the terms of geography. Small marvel that Saturday was a gala day to us. It was the one "week day" when we might be unacademic!

But children of the present time have no such need of Saturday. They write poems, and paint pictures, and read stories, and "act" them, and plant gardens, and even bake cake, as regular parts of their school routine. The schools are no longer solely, or even predominantly, academic. As for technicalities, where are they in the schools of to-day? As far in the background as the teachers can keep them. Children do not study grammar now; they are given "language work." It entails none of the memorizing of "rules," "exceptions," and "cautions" that the former study of grammar required. History would seem to be learned without that sometime laying hold of "dates." Geography has ceased to be a matter of the "bounding" of States and the learning of the capitals of various countries; it has become the "story of the earth." And arithmetic—it is "number work" now, and is all but taught without the multiplication tables. How could Saturday be to the children of to-day what it was to the children of yesterday?

My old schoolmate's little girl had spoken of "tests." In my school days we called such minor weekly or fortnightly matters as these, "reviews." We regarded them quite as lightly as my small friend looked upon her "tests." Examinations—they were different indeed. Twice a year we were expected to stretch our short memories until they neatly covered a series of examination papers, each composed of twenty questions, relating to fully sixteen weeks' accumulation of accurate data on the several subjects—fortunately few—we had so academically been studying. It is little wonder that children of the present day are not called upon to "take" such examinations; not only the manner of their teaching, but the great quantity of subjects taught, make "tests" of frequent occurrence the only practicable examinations.

"Children of the present time learn about so many things!" sighed a middle-aged friend of mine after a visit to the school which her small granddaughter attended. "What an array of subjects are brought to their notice, from love of country to domestic science! How do their young minds hold it?"

I am rather inclined to think that their young minds hold it very much as young minds of one, two, or three generations ago held it. After all, what subjects are brought to the notice of present-day children that were not called to the attention of children of former times? The difference would seem to be, not that the children of to-day learn about more things than did the children of yesterday, but that they learn about more things in school. Love of country—were we not all taught that by our fathers as early and as well as the children are taught it to-day by their teachers? And domestic science—did not mothers teach that, not only to their girls, but to their boys also, with a degree of thoroughness not surpassed even by that of the best of modern domestic science teachers? The subjects to be brought to the notice of children appear to be so fixed; the things to be learned by them seem to be so slightly alterable! It is only the place of instruction that has shifted. Such a quantity of things once taught entirely at home are now taught partly at school.

It is the fashion, I know, to deplore this. "How dreadful it is," we hear many a person exclaim, "that things that used to be told a child alone at its mother's knee are now told whole roomfuls of children together in school!"

Certainly it would be "dreadful" should the fact that children are taught anything in school become a reason to parents for ceasing to teach them that same thing at home. So long as this does not happen, ought we not to rejoice that children are given the opportunity of hearing in company from their teachers what they have already heard separately from their fathers and mothers? A boy or a girl who has heard from a father or a mother, in intimate personal talk, of the

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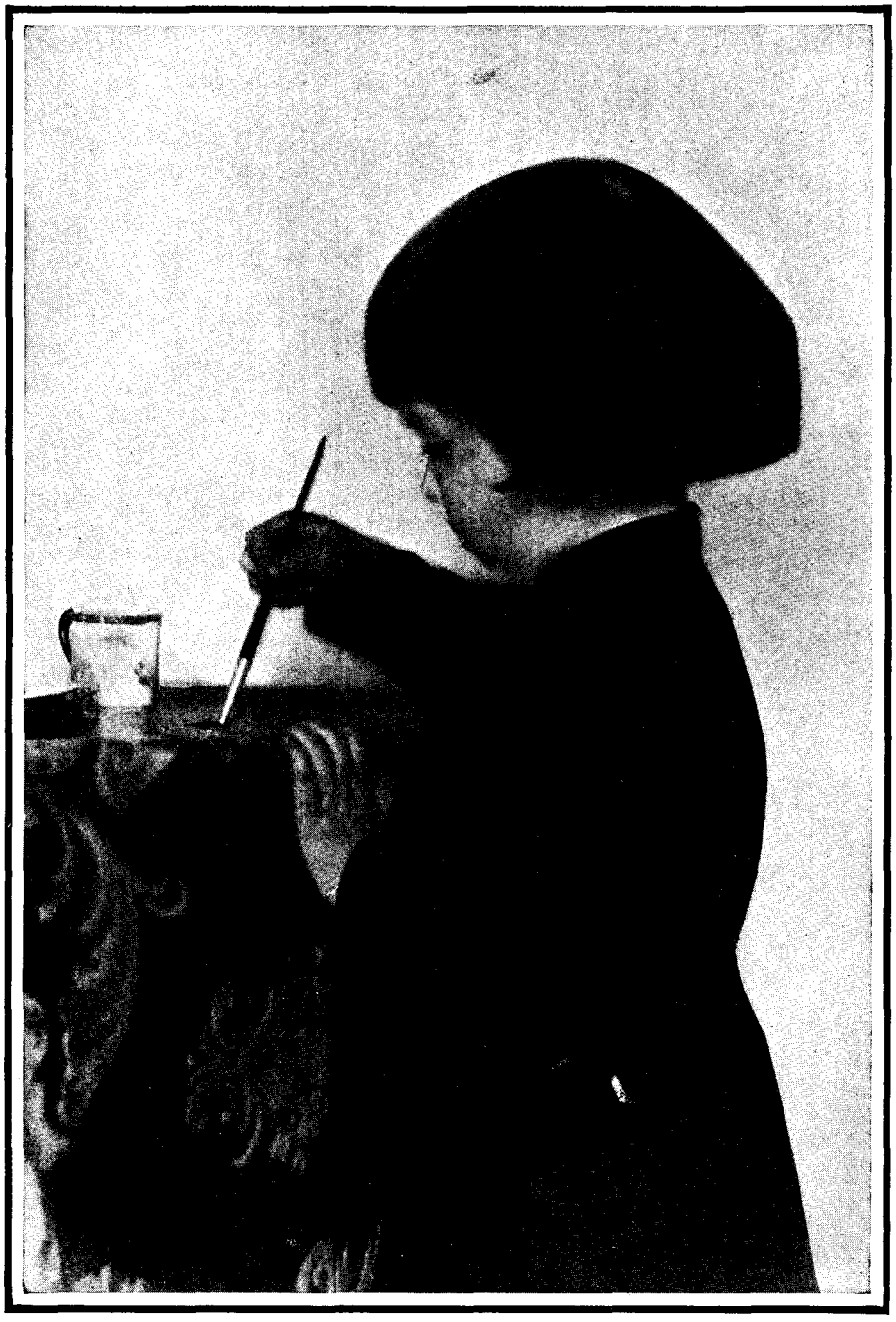

THE CHILDREN PAINT PICTURES, A REGULAR PART OF THEIR SCHOOL ROUTINE

beauty of truth, the beauty of purity, the beauty of kindness, is fortified in an endeavor to hold fast to these things by hearing a teacher speak of them in a public, impersonal way.

Indeed, is not this unity between the home and the school the great and unique fact in the education of the children of the present time? They are taught at home, as children always have been, and doubtless always will be, an "array of subjects;" and they are taught at school, as children perhaps never before were, other aspects of very nearly all the matters touched upon in that "array."

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My old schoolmate said that Saturday had lost the glory it wore in her school days and mine; but it seems to me that what has actually occurred is that the five school days of the week have taken on the same glory. The joys we had only on Saturday children have now on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, *and* Saturday!

It is inevitable, I suppose, that they should handle our old delights with rather a professional grasp. One day recently a little girl, a new acquaintance, came to see me. I brought out various toys, left over from my childhood, for her amusement—a doll, with the trunk that still contained her wardrobe; an autograph album, with "verses" and sketches in it; and a "joining map," such as the brother of Rosamond of the Purple Jar owned. My small caller occupied herself with these for a flattering length of time, then she said: "You played with these—what else did you play with?"

"I made paper boats," I replied; "and sailed them. I will show you how," I added.

She watched me with interest while I folded and refolded a sheet of writing-paper until it became a boat. "There!" I said, handing it to her.

"Have you any more paper you can spare?" she questioned.

"Of course," I said. "Should you like me to make you more boats?"

"I'll make some things for *you*," she remarked, "if you will let me have the paper."

I offered her the freedom of the writing-paper drawer; and, while I looked on, she folded and refolded with a practiced hand, until the table beside us was covered, not only with boats compared with which mine was as a dory to an ocean liner, but also with a score of other pretty and somewhat intricate paper toys. "Who taught you to make all these lovely things?" I asked.

"My teacher," answered the small girl. "We all do it, in my room at school, every Friday."

They do so many things! Their grown-up friends are hard put to it to find anything novel to do with, or for, them. Not long ago a little boy friend of mine was ill with scarlet fever. His "case" was so light that the main problem attached to it was that of providing occupation for the child during the six weeks of quarantine in one room. Remembering the pleasure I had taken as a child in planting seeds on cotton in a glass of water and watching them grow at a rate almost equal to that of Jack's beanstalk, I made a similar "little garden" and sent it to the small boy. "It was lots of fun, having it," he said, when, quite well, he came to see me. "It grew so fast—faster than the others."

"What others?" I queried.

"At school," he explained. "We have them at school; and they grow fast, but the one you gave me grew faster. Was that because it was in a little glass, instead of a big bowl?"

I could not tell him. We had not had them at school in my school days in a big bowl. They had been out-of-school incidents, cultivated only in little glasses.

They have so many things at school, the children of to-day! If many of these things have been taken from the home, they have only been taken that they may, as it were, be carried back and forth between the home and the school.

I have a friend, the mother of an only child, a boy of eight. Her husband's work requires that the family live in a section of the city largely populated by immigrants. The one school in the vicinity is a large public school. When my friend's little boy reached the "school age," he, perforce, was entered at this school. "You are an American," his father said to him the day before school opened; "not a foreigner, like almost every child you will find at school. Remember that."

"He doesn't understand what you mean when you talk to him about being an American," the boy's mother said the next morning as we all watched the child run across the street to the school. "How could he, living among foreigners?"

One day, about two months later, the small boy's birthday being near at hand, his father said to him, "If some one were planning to give you something, what should you choose to have it?"

"A flag," the boy said instantly; "an American flag! *Our* flag!"

"Why?" the father asked, almost involuntarily.

"To salute," the child replied. "I've learned how in school—what to say and what to do. Americans do it when they love their country—like you told me to," he added, eagerly. "Our teacher says so. She's taught us all how to salute the flag. I told her I was an American, not a foreigner like the

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"UNCLE BILLY TOLD ME, IF HE WERE DOING IT, HE WOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT IT; HE WOULD SAY THEM 'ATHER' AND 'NATHER'"

other children. And she said they could be Americans too, if they wanted to learn how. So they are going to."

The small boy got his flag. The patriotism taught at home and the patriotism taught at school, diverse at other points, met and mingled at that one most fundamental point.

In former days children did not quote their teachers much at home, nor their parents much at school. They do both in these days; occasionally with comic results. A little girl of my acquaintance whose first year at school began less than a month ago has, I observed only yesterday, seemed to learn as her introductory lesson to pronounce the words "either" and "neither" quite unmistakably "ather" and "nather."

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"This is an amazing innovation," I said to her mother. "How did she ever happen to think of it?"

"Ask her," said her mother, plaintively.

I did inquire of the little girl. "Whom have you heard say 'ather' and 'nather'?"

"Nobody," she unexpectedly answered.

"Then how did you learn to say it?"

"Uncle Billy told me to—"

This uncle is an instructor of English in one of our most famous colleges. "My *dear* child," I protested, "you must have misunderstood him!"

"Oh, no," she affirmed, earnestly. "You see, papa and mamma say 'eether' and 'neether,' and my school-teacher says 'eyether' and 'nyether.' I told papa and mamma, and they said to say them the way my teacher did; and I told my teacher, and she said to say them the way papa and mamma did! I couldn't say them two ways at once; and I didn't know which one way to say them. So Uncle Billy told me, if *he* were doing it, *he* wouldn't worry about it; *he* would say them 'ather' and 'nather'!"

She is a very little girl, only seven; and she has not yet rounded out her first month of school. I suppose before she has been in school a full term she will have discovered the impracticability of her uncle's method of settling the vexed question as to the pronunciation of "either" and "neither." Very likely she will decide to say them "eyether" and "nyether," as her teacher does.

It takes the children so short a time to elevate the teacher to the rank of final arbiter in their intellectual world. So soon they follow her footsteps in preference to any others along the ways of education. Not only do they pronounce words as she pronounces them; in so far as they are able, they define words as she defines them. In due course, they are a bit fearful of any knowledge obtained otherwise than as she teaches them to obtain it. Is there one of us who has attempted to help a child with "home lessons" who has not been obliged to reckon with this fact? Have we not worked out a problem in "bank discount," for instance, for a perplexed youthful mathematician, only to be told, hesitatingly, "Ye-es, you have got the right answer, but that isn't the way my teacher does bank discount. Don't you know how to do it as she does?" Or, with a young Latin "beginner" in the house, have we not tried to bring order out of chaos with respect to the "Bellum Gallicum" by translating, "All Gaul is divided into three parts," to be at once interrupted by, "Our teacher translates that, 'Gaul is, *as a whole*, divided into three parts.'" If we would assist the children of our immediate circles at all with their "home lessons," we must do it exactly after the manner and method ordained by their teachers.

This condition of things ought not to be displeasing to us, for the reason that, in the main, we have ourselves brought it to pass. The children, during their first days at school, are loyally ready to force the views of their fathers and their mothers, and their uncles and aunts, upon their teachers; and their teachers are tactfully ready to effect a compromise with them. But before very long our reiterated, "Your teacher knows: do as she says," has its effect. The teacher becomes the child's touchstone in relation to a considerable number of the "array of subjects" taught in a present-day school. School-teachers in America prepare themselves so carefully for their duties, train themselves to such a high order of skill in their performance, it is but just that those of us who are not teachers should abdicate in their favor.

However, since we are all very apt to be in entire accord with the children's teachers in all really vital matters, our position of second place in the minds of the boys and girls with regard to ways of doing "bank discount" or translating "*Gallia est omnes divisa in partes tres*" is of small account. At least, we have a fuller knowledge of their own relations with these mathematical and Latinic things than our grandparents had of our parents' lessons. And the children's teachers know more about our relations to the subjects taught than the teachers of our fathers and mothers knew respecting the attitudes of our grandfathers and grandmothers toward the curriculum of that earlier time. For the children of to-day, unlike the children of a former time, talk at home about school and talk at school about home. Almost unconsciously, this effects an increasingly co-operative union between home and school.

"We are learning 'Paul Revere's Ride,' in school," I heard a small girl who lives in Boston say recently to her mother.

"Are you, darling?" the mother replied. "Then, shouldn't you like to go some Saturday and see the church where the lanterns were hung?"

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So much did the child think she would like to go that her mother took her the next Saturday. "You saw the very steeple at which Paul Revere looked that night for the lanterns!" I said, when, somewhat later, I happened to be again at that child's home.

"Twice," she replied. "I told my teacher that mother had taken me, so she took all of us in my room at school on the next Saturday."

Perhaps the most significant influence of the American home upon the American school is to be found in the regular setting apart of an hour of the school day once, or twice, or even three times a week, as a story hour; and the filling of that hour with the stories, read or told, that in earlier times children never so much as heard mentioned at school by their teachers. It is indeed a pleasant thought that in school-rooms throughout the land boys and girls are hearing about the Argonauts, and the Knights of the Round Table, and the Crusaders; to say nothing of such famous personages in the story world as Cinderella, and the Sleeping Beauty, and Hop-O'-My-Thumb. The home story hour is no less dear because there is a school story hour too.

The other afternoon I stopped in during the story hour to visit a room in the school of my neighborhood. The teacher told the story of Pandora and the tale of Theseus and the Minotaur. A small friend of mine is a member of the "grade" which occupies that room. At the end of the session she walked home with me. "Tell me a story?" she asked, when, sitting cozily by the fire, we were having tea.

"What one should you like?" I inquired. "The story of Clytie, perhaps, or—"

"I'd like to hear the one about Pandora—"

"But you have just heard it at school!" I exclaimed.

"I know," she said; "but I'd like to hear you tell it."

When I had told it, she begged me to tell another. Again I suggested various tales in my repertory. But she refused them all. "Tell about the man, and the dragon, and the ball of string, and the lady—" she began.

And once more when I interposed, reminding her that she had just heard it, she once more said, "Yes; but I'd like to hear it again."

Some of the children whom I have in mind as I write go to private schools and some of them go to public schools. It has not seemed to me that the results obtained by the one type of school are discernibly different from those produced by the other. In the private school there are fewer pupils than in the public school; and they are more nearly alike from the point of view of their parents' material wealth than are the pupils in a public school. They are also "Americans," and not "foreigners," as are so many of the children in city public schools, and even in the public schools of many suburbs and villages. Possibly owing to their smaller numbers, they receive more individual attention than the pupils of the public school; but, so far as my rather extensive and intimate acquaintance with children qualifies me to judge, they learn the same lessons, and learn them with equal thoroughness. We hear a great deal about the differences between public and private schools, and certainly there are differences; but the pupils of the public and the private schools are very much alike. It is considerably easier to distinguish a public from a private school than it is to tell a public school child from a private school child.

There are many arraignments of our American schools, whether public or private; and there are many persons who shake their heads over our American school-children. "The schools are mere drilling places," we hear, "where the children are all put through the same steps." And the children—what do we hear said of them? "They do not work at their lessons as children of one, two, or three generations ago did," is the cry; "school is made so pleasant for them!"

Unquestionably our American schools and our American school-children have their faults. We must try to amend both. Meanwhile, shall we not be grateful that the "steps" through which the children are put are such excellent ones; and shall we not rejoice that school is made so "pleasant" for the boys and girls that, unlike the children of one, two, or three generations ago, they like to go to school?

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"GEE, DAD; YOU KNOW HOW TO MAKE HER ZIP!"

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CRACKERS, COMPETITION, AND AUTOMOBILES

PETE CROWTHER, SALESMAN, TALKS IT OVER WITH THOMPSON

BY ELMER E. FERRIS

WITH DRAWINGS BY G. C. WIDNEY

"YOU see, Pete, I've been selling crackers in that territory for eighteen years," said Thompson, "and all those merchants were friends of mine. I was acquainted with their families. Why, I knew every dog that barked along that line. I had that trade solid, and then along came that infernal trust cutting and slashing prices; it was fierce. The company finally saw that it was sell out to the trust or go to the wall, so they sold out. The old plant is closed down now, and here I am out of a job. It's an outrage the way these trusts are gobbling up everything; it's enough to make a Socialist of a man."

"It is pretty tough," admitted Pete; "but then you can get another good job if—"

"Oh, sure, if I wanted to work for a trust and begin all over again. But what kind of a layout is that? A traveling man's capital is his acquaintance and customers, and that trust has wiped out all the capital that it took me eighteen years to accumulate. They had the gall to offer me a new territory and $500 a year less salary. I said nit. I wouldn't work for that bunch, anyhow, after the way they run us out of business. You take it from me, Pete, these trusts are going to put salesmen down and out. Just as soon as they get competition knocked out they won't need anything but clerks."

"Don't you fret. They'll never knock out competition. You see, Thompson, competition isn't a mere matter of prices. The main thing in competition is ideas, personality, something new and different, a better article, better service, and all that. Every successful business is built up around some person who had new ideas. That's the essence of competition. Of course prices cut a big figure, but even on that basis the trusts couldn't knock out competition. The only reason why they've had the advantage so far is because they haven't played the game fair—they've been hitting below the belt. They have had illegal rebates and high tariffs, and have been going into territories and selling goods at less than cost to wreck somebody and then making it up by raising prices somewhere else. They've got to stop that monkey work. The people won't stand for it. They have quit that rebate business already, and it won't be long before they stop that bulling and wrecking. Just see how the Inter-State Commerce Commission has got the railways to feeding out of its hand. We'll find some way to make the trusts lay down and roll over too. They've got to play fair, and then they can't put the smaller concerns out—not on the merits. Did you read the argument that Mr. Brandeis, that Boston lawyer, made before the Committee at Washington, where he showed that when a trust gets about so big it grows topheavy and can't do business any better than a smaller concern? He proved it, too."

"Oh, well, Pete, a big concern can buy to better advantage than a small one, and—"

"Nit—not if the small buyer is on to his job. Any traveling man will admit that a good buyer can get bottom prices even on a small deal."

"All the same, the big companies are going to get you grocery men. See how the department stores and mail-order houses are walking over you."

"Not on your life! My company has been growing faster than ever, and so have our customers. Those mail-order concerns have picked up a good trade, but business has been growing a mighty sight faster than they have. We are living in a highly civilized age, Thompson, and civilization, you understand, simply means wanting more stuff. Then, besides, we get right at the people. It's personal contact that counts. Nit—they'll never knock out the salesmen."

"Well, anyhow, it looks to me as if selling goods is on the blink just now."

"That's where you're 'way off, Thompson.

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The chances are bigger than ever. I was talking yesterday with the sales manager of a big manufacturing company, and he said there was more demand than ever for first-class salesmen and more money in it. He told me what their salesmen were doing, and it was a corking good showing. You see, new inventions keep springing up and new lines of business. Take this automobile business. Why, they sold over $400,000,000 worth of automobiles in the United States last year. It took a lot of salesmen to do that. Do you remember George Gray that used to travel for us? He quit and went to an Eastern city two years ago and began to sell automobiles. I met his brother Charlie last week, and he said that George cleaned up over $9,000 on his first year's sales. That's going some, eh? I heard a couple of traveling men talking on the train yesterday, and one of them said that he made $2,000 extra commissions last year selling automobile supplies. Then you take all this modern electrical machinery and these industrial stocks and securities, and business insurance, and typewriting machines and printograph machines—why, it will be aeroplanes next! Say, if I didn't have a mighty good trade and a first-class house I'd quit the grocery business cold and jump into one of these big specialties. Believe me, old man, a specialty salesman never had so good a chance."

"Possibly so; but it's a pretty raw deal to begin all over again in a new line. You see, Pete, I had just got things about where I wanted them. I owned some stock in the company, and in a few years I was going to quit the road and—"

"Yes, and move up on Easy Street; but, you take it from me, as soon as a man strikes Easy Street he begins to go to seed. Do you remember Joe McDonald that used to travel up Northwest selling dry goods? He was a bully good salesman, and always full of schemes and ginger. The last time I met him on the road, about four years ago, he showed me a telegram from Seattle. You know Seattle was one of Mac's towns, and he got to dabbling in real estate out there when the boom was on. Well, some parties telegraphed him an offer of $85,000 for a piece of property that cost him $15,000. He cleaned up about $185,000 altogether on Seattle real estate, so he quit the road and moved up on Easy Street. I met him again about a month ago, and I hardly knew him. He had a paunch on, and a grouch too, that he didn't use to have. He wasn't the same fellow at all. He didn't seem interested in things the way he used to be. He told us he had half a mind to go back on the road; but he won't. Easy Street spoils a man for hard knocks. It's like this, Thompson, a man's interest in life depends on hustling and making things move, and that's where salesmanship has got Easy Street skinned to a finish."

"Maybe so, Pete; but, all the same, you intend to move up on that street yourself some day."

"Why, sure, everybody does, but that don't prove that it's a good thing. The fact is that the man who's obliged to hustle is the lucky gink, and that's where you are fortunate. You are being pushed right out into some big selling proposition. Here you are in good health, with lots of selling experience, and you've got a knack of making friends, and you know all the wrinkles of salesmanship. I don't see why you should be down on your luck. I almost wish that something of that kind would happen to me."

"That sounds good, Pete, but I'm getting along in years. I was fifty my last birthday, and I can't hustle the way—"

"What of it? One thing a salesman learns when he gets into middle life is how to save his energy. One of the best salesmen we've got is over sixty years old. He goes gumshoeing around and you'd wonder how he gets the orders, but when the proper time comes to put in the licks you bet old Fordham is right there. These young fellows just starting on the road keep their coat-tails cracking around the corner and waste lots of energy. They're like a baseball pitcher just in from the bushes; he pitches his head off every ball he throws. But old Mathewson doesn't do that. He saves himself and lets the fielders earn their salary. But when men are on bases and nobody out, then watch Matty put on the smoke. That's the way a salesman should put 'em over when he gets to be fifty."

"Yes, but old age is old age; you can't get by that."

"Sure. But what is old age, anyhow? Do you remember how Doc Osler proposed to settle that?"

"Wasn't he the guy that the newspapers talked about?"

"Yes. He was one of the big guns among the doctors at St. Louis, or Baltimore, and he introduced a bill—I don't

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know—to chloroform men when they get to be sixty years old, because he claimed that when a man is sixty he's all in—no good."

"Talking through his hat, wasn't he?"

"Sure. Just trying to start something—and he started it all right. The way these Pro-bono-publicos got after the Doc in the newspapers and magazines was something fierce. Of course what he said was hot air, because he was sixty himself about that time, and he hasn't taken any chloroform yet—not that anybody knows of. And when he was sixty-two he was elected to the head of the medical department in a big English university. And now he's the big medical noise over in England. And, you take it from me, when Osler is eighty years old he'll be on the job. Do you know Doc Henson?"

"No. Who is he?"

"Why, he was one of the big Baptist preachers in Chicago and Boston. Well, when he was about sixty-eight years old he was called to Tremont Temple, one of the largest churches in the country. I was in Boston one Sunday, and heard him preach. He was seventy-one years old then, and he pranced around that platform like a bay colt, and preached a crackerjack sermon, too. He has retired from the active ministry now, and a while ago, on his eightieth birthday, a newspaper sent a reporter out to interview him. And Doc Henson told the reporter that he was just starting to write a new book. The reporter asked him how it seemed to be so old. And Doc Henson said, 'Why, I'm not old, sir. I never intend to grow old. I'll die first.' Now that's the way to talk it. You can't draw a dead line on a man when he puts up such a front as that. They say he does physical culture stunts every day, too. If ever I go up where he lives I'm going to run in and shake hands with the old geezer. When a man is as full of pep as he is at eighty, why, you've got to take off your hat to him. The fact is, Thompson, a man isn't old until he admits it. His best working years ought to be from fifty to seventy-five. When I'm eighty-five, I propose to be the cockiest gent on the board-walk—you watch my smoke."

"Here's hoping that you will, Pete," laughed Thompson.

"EASY STREET SPOILS A MAN FOR HARD KNOCKS"

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"The trouble is that you've got the wrong slant at things," continued Pete. "The best part of the game is in front of you. You haven't begun to do your best work yet. It all depends on what a man thinks he can do. I met a college professor on the train last year and he started me to thinking about that. These college professors come across with the ideas. This fellow gave me a big song and dance about psychology and salesmanship, and I didn't take much stock in it until I got to thinking about it afterward. He kept quoting a Professor James, and a few months later I was in the public library with my wife and saw a book by Prof. James, so I took it out to see if I could get on to his curves, and, believe me, it was great stuff. One point he made was this: He claimed that every man has got it in him to do something a mighty sight bigger than he's ever done yet, but the trouble is he limits himself in his own mind—sort of locks himself up in his own think-tank, see, and never goes any further. One reason why men get drunk is because alcohol kind of unlocks a man's think-tank and turns him loose and makes him see himself big. One man will think he's a captain of industry, and another one will think he's an orator or a singer, and, by George, that's probably what they really are, but of course alcohol paralyzes a man's action and blows off his energy like steam in the air and never gets him anywhere, and when he sobers up he finds himself back in the same old think-tank with his energy all gone and worse off than before. But just suppose, Thompson, that without the alcohol a man could see himself big like that and have all his faculties in good working order, why, believe me, there'd be something doing; and that's just exactly what he can do by getting the right ideas into his cocoanut. You need to get a new slant at yourself, old man. You are cut out for some big selling game. Why don't you tackle automobiles? It wouldn't be six months before crackers would look like thirty cents."

"Do you remember that man Thompson I was telling you about two or three months ago?" Pete asked his wife one evening.

"The one that lost his position through the trusts?"

"Yes. I met him this afternoon. He opened up an automobile garage here last month, and he seems to be right up and coming. He had a new suit of clothes on and is full of business. He said that he sold two machines last week."

"Perhaps your talk helped to encourage him, Pete. You are always so hopeful."

"Maybe; anyhow, it's good to see Thompson bucking up after being down on his uppers so. He said he was coming around to give us an automobile ride to-morrow afternoon. Can you arrange it?"

"Yes, and we'll take Billy along. Since the Spencers got their auto Billy has been crazy to ride in one."

"Thompson sold Spencer that machine. I guess it's a good one."

The following afternoon when Thompson treated the Crowthers to an auto ride he improved the occasion by showing Pete how to operate the machine. "It beats the band," said he, "how easy it is to run one of these things. Just try it."

Pete accepted the invitation, and soon got his first inoculation with the lust for speed.

"He takes hold like a professional chauffeur," said Thompson to Mrs. Crowther. "Pete would make a good driver, because he's got the nerve."

"Thanks, Thompson; have a cigar. It's worth that to get a boost in front of my wife."

Pete turned on more power.

"Gee, dad, you know how to make 'er zip, don't you?" said Billy, admiringly.

"Going some, eh, boy?" grinned Pete.

Mrs. Crowther laid her hand nervously upon Pete's shoulder. "Please don't go so fast, Pete, dear. I'm sure it must be dangerous to go as fast as this."

Pete slowed down. "Wait till you and dad go out together, boy, and we'll hit 'er up."

"You bet! We don't get scared up the way mother does, do we, dad?"

When Thompson landed the family at their door, he invited Pete to come down to the garage some evening and examine the interior of the machine. "Automobiles are getting so common now that everybody ought to understand one, and it's an interesting proposition," said he.

That very evening Pete went down and spent over an hour with Thompson inspecting the mechanism, attachments, and latest improvements in automobiles. "It's a mighty expensive game, though," said he. "It looks to me like a rich man's sport."

"Oh, not when you come to think of all that a man pays for other amusements and luxuries that he can just as well cut out if he

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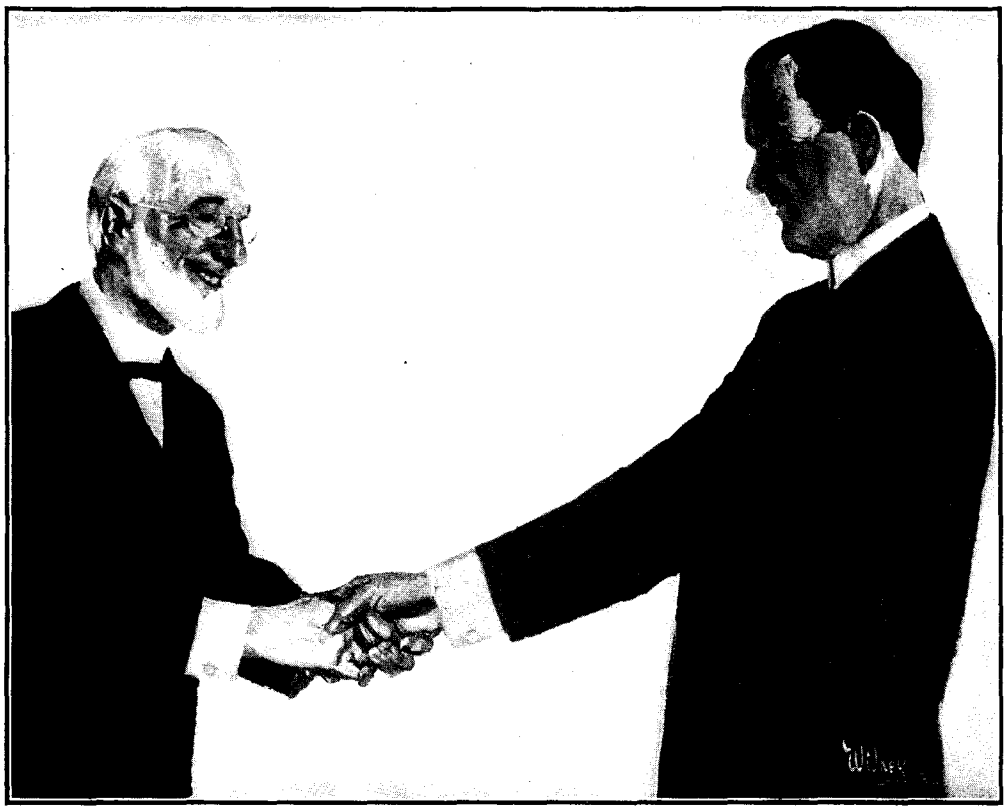

"IF I EVER GO UP WHERE HE LIVES I'M GOING TO RUN IN AND SHAKE HANDS WITH THE OLD GEEZER"

gets a machine; and, see here, Pete, look at the towns that you make within a hundred and fifty miles from here. You can't work more than three a day by train, but if you had a machine you could work half a dozen and get home every night. A traveling man could actually save money by it."

During his next trip, which lasted thirty days, Pete investigated the expenses incident to automobile ownership. "Thompson claims," said he to his wife the first evening after he arrived home, "that a traveling man can save money by owning a machine, but it's a pipe dream. When you come to figure the cost of tires and garages and all the toggery you have to buy and all the extra meals and the depreciation in value of the machine, you don't get by for less than ten or twelve cents a mile. If a man thinks he can economize by owning a machine, he'd better forget it. You know, Jen, I've intended to buy a farm this year. I can get that Green farm for $4,500, and it's just about what I want, but if I should buy a machine now—"

"Isn't it strange, Pete," interrupted his wife, "I've been thinking about a machine myself since you went away."

"Well, I'm not exactly thinking of buying one, you understand. It would cost at least $2,000, and that's all I've got in the bank just now. I'd have to put off buying that farm until next year if I should buy a machine."

"Why do you want a farm, Pete? I'm sure you'd never be a farmer."

"I don't intend to be. I'd keep a man on it. But one reason why I want a farm is this: When I was a boy and worked in the store, there was a man named Roberts who lived in the city and owned a farm out beyond our village. He used to drive through the village out to his farm three or four times a week. He would stop at the store and buy a cigar and sit and chat with the farmers about crops, and everybody considered him a plutocrat; and ever since then my idea of being well fixed is to live in town and own a farm and drive out to it. That's the kind of a plute I want to be. Another thing: I want to go out to my farm and walk around

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with the hired man and look at the pigs and cows—*my* pigs and cows, you understand—and I want to go out into the fields and look around and say to myself, 'This land belongs to Pete, and don't you forget it.' What does a man want to own property for, anyway, Jen? Why does John D. want all that oil stock? He can't eat it. I'll tell you why he wants it: it makes him feel good, that's why; and a farm would make me feel just as good, and then I'd like to know where John D. would have it over me—see?"

"Well, you shall have your farm, dear, but if you had it now you would need an auto to go out and in. Why not get the machine first? Another thing I've been thinking about: You don't get enough recreation. You are too intense. You ought to relax more. An automobile might be the best possible thing to divert your mind from business. Then, too, it would give us such a nice chance to take recreation together. Mrs. Spencer says that they never had such lovely family outings as they've had since they got their machine; and just think how Billy would enjoy it!"

"Yes; and that's one reason why we shouldn't get it. Why, when I was Billy's age, I had work to do. I used to get up early and build the fires and take care of a horse and cow and hoe in the garden, and every summer my father would buy eight or ten cords of hard wood that my brother and I had to saw and split for winter. Boys had to work in those days! But look at Billy! he hasn't got a lick to do and you have to pull him out of bed for breakfast. We are bringing that kid up too soft, and now we propose to dawdle him around in an automobile; gee, it's fierce!"

"Well, Pete, dear, Billy doesn't do chores because there aren't any to do. Perhaps if you had a machine he could take care of that and—"

"Yes, he'd take care of it by taking joy rides. I'm on to Billy's curves."

"Don't be too hard on Billy, Pete. Just see what good work he's doing in school this term. Have you noticed his report cards?"

"Yes, he's getting on pretty well in school, but—"

"And he does an hour's work every day in the manual training class. See what he made and brought home for me last week." And Mrs. Crowther produced a neatly made cutlery box. "Isn't that nice work for a boy of his age? And then he plays baseball on the school team, and plays in the banjo club. He puts in an hour of practice every day just as faithfully."

"Yes, I guess so," grinned Pete. "Graves says that you can't hear anything in the neighborhood any more but tink-ety-tunk. Billy seems to be getting there on the banjo, all right."

"You see, Pete, Billy is probably just as active as you were when you were a boy, only his activities are different because we are living differently from the way our parents did. How many suits of clothes a year did your father buy?"

"A year! He bought one suit in about three years. He wore overalls most of the time."

"And how many cigars a day did he smoke?"

"Cigars? Nit! He smoked a clay pipe and used Adams Standard tobacco that cost six cents for a quarter of a pound, and that would last a week. I see your point, Jen. I buy four or five suits a year and I spend fifty cents a day for cigars all right, but—"

"Well, I'm not complaining, Pete. But if you aren't willing to live the way your father did, why do you wish Billy to live the way you did?"

"I don't; but all the same we are making Billy too high-toned. Somehow we keep letting out more slack on expenses all the time, and—"

"Do you think I'm extravagant, Pete?" and Mrs. Crowther's lip trembled slightly.

"Nix! You've always played the game fair, Jen. When I got only a hundred a month didn't you roll up your sleeves and do all your own work, and when Billy was a baby didn't you take care of him day and night? One reason why he is such a healthy kid is because you kept his little machine working like a clock, and we never blowed ourselves on expenses any faster than we could afford to. Nit! If any one says that you're extravagant, girlie, I'm ready to fight."

"Then what is it you want, Pete, dear?" asked his wife in perplexity.

"Well, when you come right down to it, Jen, I want that cussed machine myself—that's what!"

"Why not buy a nice runabout, then?" suggested his wife. "I'm sure we would enjoy that just as much as we would a more expensive one."

"Nit! If I buy a machine, it's going to be a good one. Do you suppose I'm going

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to take Spencer's gasolene smoke? Not on your life!"

That afternoon, as Pete was going down the street, he met Thompson driving the new car. "Jump in, Pete," invited Thompson; "I'm only going up to the other end of town and right back." On the way Thompson called attention to the manner in which the car responded to the slightest touch. "She's a beauty, Pete, and don't you forget it."

"How does it compare with Spencer's?"

"Well, that machine of Spencer's is a mighty nice one; but, between you and me, this is quite the finest car I've had in the garage. It's just about the last word in automobiles, and that's a fact." As they approached the garage Thompson slowed down. "See here, old man, I've got a special reason for wanting to do you a favor. This machine is worth two thousand dollars if it's worth a cent. Give me your check for nineteen hundred."

Pete took out his book and wrote out the check and handed it to him. "It's my piece of junk," said he.

"Will you put it back into the garage?" asked Thompson.

"Not just yet. I'll run up to the house first and make my wife a present." Pete started up the street, but suddenly he put on the brake and stopped. "Oh, I say, Thompson!" he called.

Thompson came hurrying out of the doorway. "What's the matter? Anything wrong with the machine?"

"No, the machine is all right. But say, Thompson, how's crackers beside of automobiles?"

"Don't mention it," laughed Thompson. "Crackers are nix."

THE DOCTRINE OF THE LEAN BAG

BY DONAL HAMILTON HAINES

WITH DRAWINGS BY PAUL BRANSOM

I AM only a fair shot. That may be at the bottom of my philosophy, but the result is the same. Sometimes I tell people that I am glad I don't shoot any better than I do. They don't believe this. Neither, in a measure, do I; but it answers the purpose, and gives my system a basis of respectable plausibility.

This is no attempt at proselyting. I abhor the idea. It is merely that a natural fund of vanity makes me mildly proud of my point of view. I do not care whether it suffices for another man or not. I merely like it enough to want to tell about it.

I have said that I am not a particularly good shot, and that the admission may be the underlying principle which supports the entire scheme of my duck-shooting. If I am not a good shot, it is not because I have not done my best to become one. I have read many volumes; I have listened to the advice of many a wizard of the gun; I have taken well to heart the ofttimes aggravating proofs of experience in the field. Yet am I far short of that standard which I once thought to reach. And therein lies the great charm of my shooting. Every time I judge distance aright I flatter myself that I have learned—and am happy. Every time I know that I have shot behind, I vow that I will shoot well ahead of the next bird—and am hopeful, which is but happiness spelled in terms of the future.

Some day I may find myself becoming expert. If I do, and I find at the same time I am losing one grain of the fine joy of uncertainty, I shall deliberately buy a gun which does not fit me, and begin where I began years back.

Proceeding along this line, I suppose I ought to say that I am content to shoot with a camera—but no! There is enough of the savage in me to demand that sudden closing up in the air which spells not so much the death of a living thing as the working out of an almost divine destiny. I want to bring

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THEN THEY COME—NEVER FROM

down a duck as earnestly as does the veriest pot-hunter holding his breath among the reeds while the feeding flock swims into a thick bunch before him. But (and here lies what point I have to make) I do not demand that there shall be a long-necked mallard or a stumpy blue-bill toppling over every other minute, or every other five minutes for that matter.

I want breathing-space. I want time to think about every kill, or prod into the reasons of every miss. I want time to fill my pipe, and spread out the bird in front of me, and pat the breech of the gun, and exchange congratulations with the dog. After I have done these things I may be ready for another shot, but, even then, I am in no hurry. I can be content to sit back and watch them circling out over the lake with contemptuous side glances for the stool, or sailing over my corner of the marsh to another where the food is better.

This is not a pose built on a long experience of lean bags. I had one big day—and it was not the best I have known. The blue-bills could not get to the decoys fast enough, and I smashed at them with dense powder until the base of my neck throbbed like a drum and the blind was a litter of feathers and empty shells.

Once I thought this was merely the slight disgust of being surfeited. Now I know better. I had lost my respect for the ducks themselves! They were playing too much into my hands. I had come out for a battle and had found a shambles. They were obtruding themselves into the cosmos too much. I wanted to watch the decoys riding the waves, and note with some small satisfaction the job of repainting I had done on some of them; I was prevented. A single blue-bill wallowed in and had to be blotted out before I could watch the decoys. Then I had to go out in the boat after him, and got wet doing it!

A lot of people will think this last bordering on the edge of folly. That is exactly where I lay claim to being a superior order of human! I am not so dependent upon the game. I detest a blank day as heartily as the next man, but I want things in proportion. There are so many things you miss if your mind is altogether on the birds.

In the first place, there is the weird charm of that intensely black, cold hour when you get out of bed. You wake up with the firm conviction that it is seven o'clock, and that the strip of moonlight across the floor is daylight. You get out of bed with a rush—otherwise you might not get up—and discover that it is an hour until the first streak of dawn.

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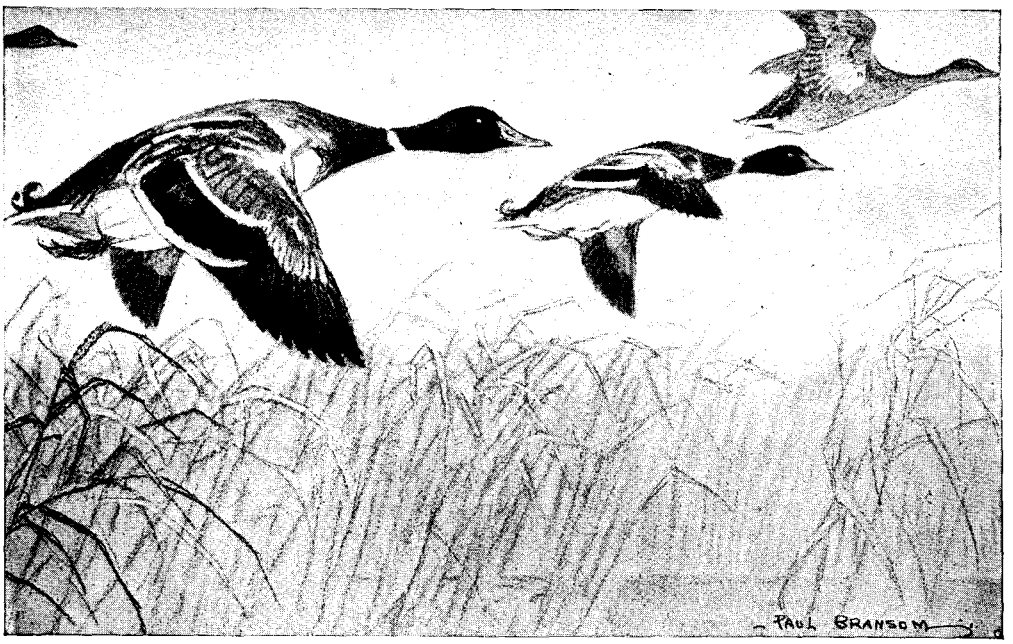

THE DIRECTION YOU EXPECTED

You are a light sleeper (or at least I am), but subject to attacks of heavy sleep at just such times. It will not do to take another chance with bed. So you shiver into your clothes and putter with the coffee-pot and what is going to be a fire, while Charlie or Win and the dog go on sleeping.

Every few minutes you go to the window and study the sky in the east. You don't trust that sky to wait for breakfast, almanacs and calendars to the contrary notwithstanding. Your distrust increases, and you wake the others. Then you have the few unpleasant minutes of the day. You are hungry, in a hurry, and chock-full of enthusiasm; the rest are sleepy, regard all ducks as nuisances, and any man who would wake them as a brute deserving of instant annihilation. The coffee changes all this. They become as reasonable as you are, and by the time the pipes are lighted they are pulling on their boots with the same sidelong glances at the growing light you have been giving these many minutes.

And then, whether it be in a blind with the decoys showing dimly against the gray water, or on the edges of a marsh where the long grass is full of a thousand little whisperings that *may* be quick-moving wings, you stand and watch the day come. You are not there for the dawn—you are there to shoot ducks, and you swear fervently if they do not fly. But the dawn happens, and you watch it, whether you will or no, and afterwards you remember it—every pink and yellow detail! You remember it because you are so much a part of it, so thoroughly in sympathy with every element of the moment. You shiver in the thin, cold wind as does the blade of sedge at your side; your dirty hunting clothes take on a glorious shade of brown as beautiful as the tawny colors of the maple behind you; if you could voice your feelings without bothering to put them into words, you know that they would sound very like the vibrant singing of the red-wing blackbirds among the cat-tails where the night mist still hangs.

All this but puts you in shape for the great moments which may be in store for you. Fifteen minutes of this and you are ready. You have not grown impatient. The first pipeful is still alight, and the chill of the unsunned air has not cut through cloth and flesh. Your nerves are winding up slowly toward a point that is going to be delightful—almost painful in the intensity of its tension. Your ears are as keen as a dog's. You find, to your surprise, that you have been listening to the ticking of your watch and

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thinking it the morning tapping of a woodpecker. Your eyes are very gimlets. You wonder if it is yet light enough to see the ducks; a small dark object darts in front of you, and your fingers tighten on the wet wood of the stock. You discover that you have fixed your straining eyes on a spider stringing his web from reed to reed ten yards away! Your mind is a succession of doubts. Of course you have loaded your gun, but you open the breech to be sure, then you change the shells and put in your most perfect loads—for the first chance may also be the last one. You are certain that the ducks are coming from one particular direction. You have nothing on which to base this feeling, but it remains stuck in your mind. You watch that point of the compass until your eyes ache.

Invariably there will be one thin black cloud in that part of the sky which fools you. You focus your eyes on it suddenly, unexpectedly, and it assumes the form of a fast-moving flock! You will be fooled more than once, and then the cloud changes form and your peace of mind is preserved.

Then they come! Never from the direction you have expected, but from exactly the opposite. Your first warning is a quack—a hearty, unguarded, cheerful greeting that makes your blood hammer. Outwardly you are calm—very calm. Your face betrays the emotions of a cigar Indian—but inside! Five minutes before you were vowing to yourself that you would remember every tenet of shooting you ever learned; you would be effective if you could, but you would shoot calculatingly and according to the rules, if you had to let them get almost out of range.

You forget all this the instant that strong, reedy voice lets out its sturdy quack. You are excited—excited as you were the first time if you are fortunate as I am and you have not lost the first fine enthusiasm with the years. Only the fact that it is good, strong walnut prevents the stock from crumbling beneath the pressure your fingers put on it! You know that your legs are shaking the least bit in the world—and you are glad of it.

Then, before the soft whispering of wings sounds overhead, the man beyond you signals. We always do this, and it's another element making toward complete enjoyment. The first man to see the birds signals—a single whistled note, not sharp nor long-drawn. But how that whistle carries! You can sense in its insistent quality and its slight tremor all the pent-up eagerness of the man who has pursed his lips.

The actual *dénouement* comes quickly. A sudden rush of sound above your head, the double thud of a gun behind you, a fusillade of startled quacks from the birds—then the long-necked fliers swing out above you and your own gun flashes up.

Twenty-six grains of a certain brand of smokeless powder fired at a tin can on the end of a pole in your back yard will lame your shoulder and give you a headache that will last an hour. The same charge fired straight overhead at a string of mallards has no effect on your physical being. You are hardly conscious of the explosion.

You should score a hit on this first shot. Afterwards you may miss as often as you please, but the first soiling of the barrel should bring with it the downward plunge of the duck and your own mad, hasty wallowing through the mud and grass to the spot where he thumped down so satisfactorily. You pick him up and gloat over him; the sun whips up a long feeler of light and warmth, and his red edge shows over the hill. A voice shouts from beyond:

"Get one?"

"Yep!"—thus happily your own voice.

"So did I—drake!"

And a fine day is finely begun!

One duck is not enough for one day of hard work in the marshes—but twenty-five are too many. There should be time for cheerful callings back and forth—discussions of shots made and missed, of that single who sizzled through like a streak of feathers and passed unscathed through the fire of your three guns, of that big flock which veered off just as it was getting into range, of how well the dog behaved chasing two wounded birds at once through the tangle of weeds and bushes.

Let there be two or three birds to the man, say, when you wade out of the marsh and make for a little hard-wood knoll where Charles has already got a fire blazing, and the wet, ridiculously happy dog is smelling about among half-stale rabbit scents.

While the coffee is taking its own time boiling, perhaps three big flocks will swing in over the place you have just left. If you can grin philosophically and watch them with an academic interest in the movements of their strong wings and the clean lines of their outstretched necks, you will have understood

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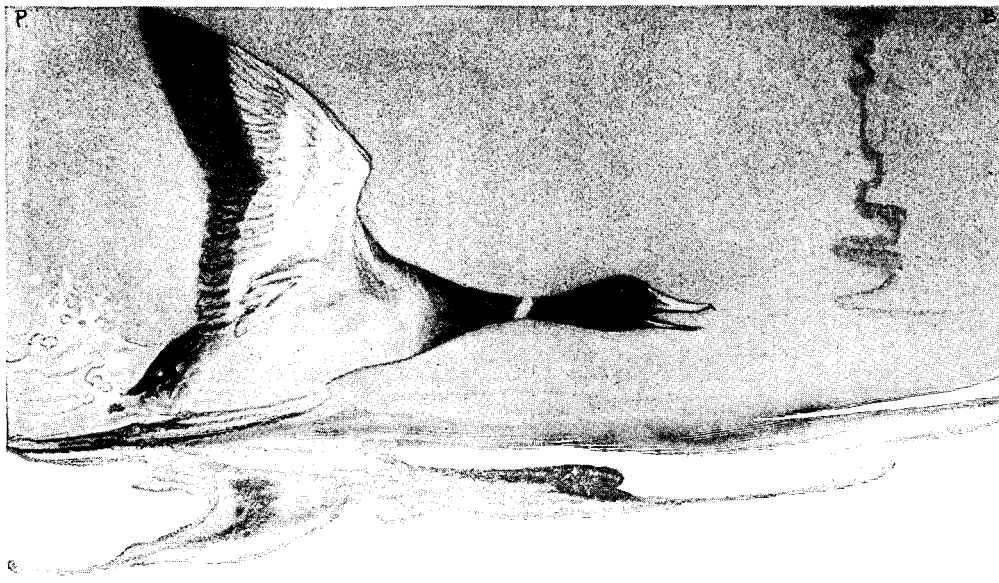

"HE KNOWS I AM GOING TO SHOOT AT HIM"

something of what I have been trying to get at. If you swear persistently (and this with two green heads in the pockets of your shooting-coat) at the combination of circumstances that has set you before the fire and taken you out of the marsh fifteen minutes too soon, you—well, you do not deserve the two in your pockets.

And then, finally, the ducks themselves! If you are inclined to look at only one side of the relationship of duck-shooting, and consider the birds only as so much animated target before you pull trigger, and as so much feathers and meat afterwards, you lose half the enjoyment.

It's hard for me to say just how I regard the duck. I feel that the relation is rather close between us. I always feel that he *knows* I am going to shoot at him, and that he regards the possibilities of the situation in much the same way that I do. Of course it may mean death for him, and the worst it may spell for me is disappointment, and yet when I have folded one up I do not feel that I have broken a commandment or even been a brute. He does not appear to me as the victim of an unfair adjustment of things, nor can I feel that I have been the means of wrecking some minor cog of the universe. I suppose I fall back on a sort of fatalistic doctrine—which is convenient because you can't possibly explain or defend it.

If you have gone through the day in this fashion, living every minute of it, losing no whit of the great clean-smelling outdoors about you, using the shooting only as a leaven to make the day perfect, you face the red glow in the evening sky with the same fine enthusiasm of the morning, and you pick up another mallard who splashes down into the darkening marsh, unload your gun, and wave a good-natured "So long!" at the tail of the flock which lost him.

On the other hand, if you have sweated and struggled through the day, blind to everything but the downing of another duck, and another, and yet a third, you have filled your pockets with—no, not ducks, but meat! You have seen neither the sun rise, the grass and sedge waving in the noon breeze, the pleasant afternoon shadows among the tree-trunks, nor the smoke from your pipe eddying up against the crimson western sky.

You are as the man who comes to a table set for an epicure, and kills his appetite by emptying a dish of stuffed olives and dill pickles ere ever the soup has been served. He may go through the courses, but he will not enjoy them—and subsequently he will have indigestion.

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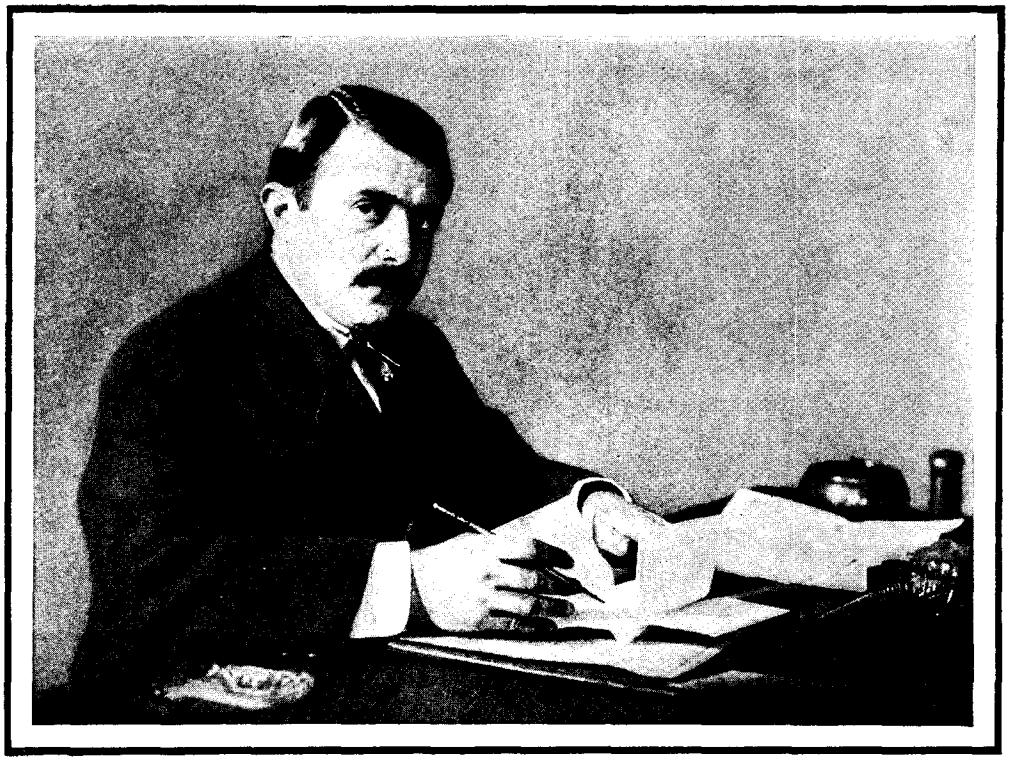

DR. HENRY MOSKOWITZ

HENRY MOSKOWITZ: A SOCIAL REFORMER IN POLITICS

BY J. SALWYN SCHAPIRO

"OTHER times, other men," might well be the motto of the present radical movement in American politics. In every great epoch in history—and we are living in one now—there appear upon the public stage personalities who hitherto have been content to work behind the scenes for the betterment of mankind. To the Progressive party have now been drawn men and women with no axes to grind and no wires to pull, whose uppermost thought is to make this world a better place to live in. Social reformers of every type have enthusiastically rallied to the standard of the new party, for it alone has boldly taken up the "condition of the people question." It is to the lasting credit of Theodore Roosevelt that these new personalities have been given a directing hand in the political life of the American people. Many of the leaders of the third party are college-bred men and women, students of sociology, economics, and philosophy; but they are not the type of the "college man in politics," so often praised in commencement addresses. Rather are they the exponents of a new and far more democratic ideal, the "college humanitarian in politics."

An excellent example of this new type is Dr. Henry Moskowitz, head worker of the Madison House Settlement in New York and associate of Professor Felix Adler, leader of the Ethical Culture Society. After leaving the public schools, Dr. Moskowitz entered the College of the City of New York, from which he graduated in 1899. He then took courses in economics, ethics, and philosophy at Columbia University. Later he left for Germany

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and studied at the Universities of Berlin and Erlangen. From the latter institution he received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in 1906. On his return to America he associated himself with the Ethical Culture movement and became the head of the Madison House, a non-sectarian settlement on the lower East Side.

Dr. Moskowitz's public career is quite short—only six years—yet this brief period contains an amount of civic activity that is amazing. He is largely responsible for the existence of the Board of Moving Picture Censorship, of which he is a member. The widespread movement to organize facilities for wholesome recreation among the working classes has enlisted the co-operation of many reformers. Dr. Moskowitz, who is an active worker in this movement, pointed out its real significance when he declared in an address that, "under our modern industrial system, people work to exist, but they live in their play. Because industry wears out the body and does not feed the soul, the question of recreation has become a matter of prime importance." The law regulating dance halls, which was enacted several years ago by the New York State Legislature, was the result of an agitation conducted by a group of settlement workers of which Dr. Moskowitz was the moving spirit. This measure aims to eliminate those semi-vicious resorts in which the first step towards degradation is often taken.

One of the most interesting features of the Fourth of July celebrations that were held in New York City the last two years was the part taken by the East Side. Mayor Gaynor had appointed Joseph Barondess and Dr. Moskowitz to direct the celebration in that part of the city. For the first time the adult immigrant was aroused to participate in an American festival. Independence Day was an opportunity to bring home to the foreigner "the higher mood of American democracy," for the immigrant often gets his first impression of this land of the free from those who seek to exploit his ignorance. There were monster parades, patriotic speeches, and music. The Declaration of Independence was read to vast crowds that manifested the greatest enthusiasm. So many East Siders voluntarily contributed their mite to the appropriation made by the city for the expenses of the celebration that there was an actual surplus, which was turned over to the Mayor.

Dr. Moskowitz, like Jane Addams, has come to the conclusion that the social settlement would lose its main significance if its influence were confined merely to those who come within the walls of the institution; that a settlement, to be a power for good in the neighborhood, must be a center radiating social and political reform. In other words, he is a settlement expansionist, who is intent on carrying the ideals of the movement into larger fields. For this reason he is intensely interested in economic and political reforms. New Yorkers will not soon forget the horrors of the Triangle factory fire, in which so many lives were sacrificed to the greed of employers forgetful of everything but profits. At the great indignation meeting held at the Metropolitan Opera-House Dr. Moskowitz read a report of an investigation he had made of the bad sanitary conditions in many of the New York factories, as a result of which a Committee on Safety was formed to secure legislation that would safeguard the lives of those employed in factories. Most of the recommendations made by this body to the Governor and Legislature of our State have now been enacted into law. Dr. Moskowitz was also a member of a group of social reformers that secured the passage of the law prohibiting the employment of women in factories for more than fifty-four hours a week.

Living in a crowded neighborhood, and understanding the people and problems of the East Side as very few do, he has perceived clearly enough the intimate relations that exist between bad conditions and bad conduct. "I ask a fundamental question," he declared in an interview with the New York "Globe." "Are these tenement-houses homes? Are they not, after all, merely places to eat and sleep in? Are they the spiritual anchorages that homes ought to be? Do they give the members of the family the opportunity to enjoy free and intimate experiences? No; the tenements are not homes. That is why boys and girls go wrong. Dark hallways are not good places for courting, nor crowded streets good playgrounds. Congestion is a fundamental evil which causes juvenile crime, high death rate, and immorality." His interest in the problem of overcrowding has led him to become a member of the Committee on Congestion, which seeks to prevent exploitation of the land for the benefit of real estate speculators. The ability that this young reformer has displayed in getting the Government to take a hand in the reforms in which social settlements are vitally interested has surprised and delighted many

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of his co-workers. For this reason he was made Chairman of the Committee on Legislation of the Association of Neighborhood Workers.

Some of the most notable achievements of Dr. Moskowitz are in the field of labor disputes. As may be expected, he is a strong champion of the cause of unionism. To him the labor union means an appeal to the worker to lift his class to a higher level. In an address delivered before the Brooklyn Ethical Society he declared that the union was a "school of social responsibility and a moral check to the appetite for profit." "Worst of all," he went on to say, "is the fact that the law, which operates instantaneously to protect property, moves with leaden feet when measures are proposed to lighten labor's burdens. Adverse court decisions, which paralyze strikes or keep the worker from just compensation for injuries, have made countless law-abiding citizens declare that the law is weighted against the workingman." The great strike of the cloak-makers two years ago, which involved about seventy thousand men and women, and which threatened the existence of the entire industry, was brought to a peaceful close largely through the efforts of Mr. Louis D. Brandeis and Mr. A. Lincoln Filene, prominent citizens of Boston, and Dr. Moskowitz. The terms of peace between the workers and the manufacturers known as the "protocol" are unique and deserve a detailed explanation. In the first place, the principle of collective bargaining is maintained not only by the recognition of the union of laborers, but of the union of employers as well. Machinery for the adjustment of any grievance which either organization might have is fully provided for in the document. The agreement also establishes what is called the "preferential shop," by which is meant that, while union men are preferred, non-union men are not excluded. A permanent board of arbitration is established, with power to settle all controversies between the union and the employers. Another feature of the "protocol" is the establishment of a Joint Board of Sanitary Control, whose function is to elevate sanitary standards in the industry. On this board are two representatives of the workers, two of the employers, and three of the public. Dr. Moskowitz, representing the public, is secretary of this body. This settlement, so fair to all parties concerned, has succeeded in establishing peace in an industry that has been strike-ridden for years.

In order to bring about an abiding peace between labor and capital it is absolutely necessary that a third element, representing the general public interest, be given recognition. Dr. Moskowitz is an ideal "representative of the public." Absolutely independent in his judgment, utterly devoid of any sense for money-making, and gifted by nature with a most genial personality that invites confidence, he is eagerly sought as an arbitrator in labor disputes. While his sympathies are always on the side of the under dog in the fight, yet his wholesome common sense often saves him from allowing his emotions to run away with his judgment. Employers of labor, too, have confidence in Dr. Moskowitz, for he has educated many of them to the new point of view—that if the public interests are safeguarded, private interests have nothing to fear in the long run. He has taught them a fundamental lesson in modern economics, namely, that the labor unions are here to stay, and the wisest policy would be to recognize and co-operate with these organizations instead of trying to cripple them. It is no small thing in these days of class bitterness to have won the confidence of both sides. He was also one of the men who drew up the memorial to Congress to establish the Commission on Industrial Relations, with power to examine the conditions of labor in large industries, the causes of strikes, etc.

The political activity of Dr. Moskowitz is inspired by the same motive that inspires his other activities—his passion for the common weal. He has proved himself a true "son of the city," in the eloquent phrase of Dr. Finley, the President of his Alma Mater, for he has participated in many of the reform movements that seek to make New York a better and nobler city. He is a member of the City Club and of the Executive Committee of the Citizens' Union. The fight against Tammany Hall during the last mayoralty election, which resulted in the almost complete triumph of the Fusion ticket, was conducted by the Committee of One Hundred, of which he was one of the leading spirits. During the campaign he had charge of the famous exhibit known as the Chamber of Horrors, which so effectively dramatized the facts of Tammany misrule. He also aided in the election of Governor Hughes by taking charge of his campaigns on the East Side.

When the Progressive movement came along, Dr. Moskowitz was one of the first to enlist under its banner. To him, as well

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as to other socal reformers, it means that now, for the first time, a great National party has recognized the existence of a "social question." To unify the scattered endeavors of many Progressives and give form, color, and substance to their demands is the avowed aim of the new party. "To me," declared Dr. Moskowitz, "this third party movement is infinitely bigger than any man. It represents a sort of American crystallization of two of the great movements of our time—the social movement and the woman movement, especially the former. This was the psychological moment in which these movements have been crystallized Nationally and brought into politics." The alignment of settlement workers with the new party is very significant. It is interesting to notice how a person entering the settlement movement a conservative frequently emerges a radical. The reason is not far to seek. The settlement worker at first goes merely to reform the bad conditions of a certain neighborhood. Before long he, like a wise physician, begins to realize that local diseases are really symptoms of general debility of the entire body. Jane Addams of Hull House, Chicago, Lillian D. Wald of the Nurses' Settlement, John D. Adams of the Lincoln House, Boston, and Dr. Moskowitz are types of social workers who see in bad housing, lack of recreation facilities, child labor, the signs of a diseased social organism. Intimate knowledge of actual conditions, even more than the study of sociology, forced these men and women, some of them conservatives by temperament, into the radical current. At the Chicago Convention of the Progressive party Colonel Roosevelt was in constant touch with a notable group of social workers, who advised him on the social justice planks in the platform.

At the Syracuse Convention of the Progressive party Dr. Moskowitz was one of the most notable figures. To him was assigned the chairmanship of the Committee to Draft Resolutions. He, in conjunction with other prominent social reformers, prepared the excellent reform programme contained in the Syracuse platform. Dr. Moskowitz is now the director of the campaign on the East Side. Very wisely did the Progressive candidate for Governor, Oscar Straus, choose him as his "guide, philosopher, and friend." There are very few men in the State who could advise him more soundly, particularly in social reform matters, than this young man of thirty-three.

About twenty years ago a little group of men and women came down the lower East Side and organized the Neighborhood Guild, now the University Settlement, the first social center in America. This was the golden age of the settlement movement, the age of obscurity, of small establishments, of self-sacrificing devotion. There was a touch of the early Franciscan spirit in persons like Stanton Coit, Charles B. Stover, James K. Paulding, John D. Adams, and Helen Moore. These men and women, representing America at its best, gave a spiritual propulsion to those who came in contact with them that has lasted down to this day. Among the children who came to this settlement, absorbed its influence, and was inspired by the ideals of its founders was Henry Moskowitz.

ART

BY E. ELLSWORTH SHUMAKER

Where Nature's hand undoes her loveliest scroll,
Two painters, finding beauty without flaw,
Sought to record the vision that they saw.
One had the master mind; the other's soul
Glowed with a fire lit by the living coal
From off the altar—fanned with the breath of awe:
Each wrought according to the inner law
That holds the creative hand in its control.

Untiringly they labored, and with fine
Unerring touch portrayed in colors true
Rock, tree, and stream, exact in curve and line,
Till to completeness the two landscapes grew:
One was a *picture*, perfect in each part—
The other was a living work of Art.

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OUT OF THE WORKSHOPS OF FASHION

SOME TYPES OF PARIS WORKING-GIRLS

BY ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT

WITH DRAWINGS BY ARTHUR COVEY

ONE evening in the late spring I was sitting on the bench of the raised stern platform of a river-boat that was steaming in the sunset light down the Seine. Before us the Trocadéro rose purple against the yellow sky, with a glorified pictorial effect that its ugliness can never claim in the daylight; on the opposite shore the Eiffel Tower lifted its black mechanical traceries into the pale upper blue. Behind us the old gray bridges and towers of the past were shining out of the dim evening haze. The guard went about the decks, jingling his bag of small brass tickets and exchanging them for the sous of the passengers. The boat slid every few minutes, with a bang, to a landing-place by a bridge, discharged one little jostling crowd, took on another, and then spurted quickly off again.

The three who had chosen the stern with me got on at the bridge of La Concorde. The two young girls, I gathered from their talk and the unmistakable "air" of their perfectly simple clothes, were apprentices at one of the great dressmakers' on the Rue de la Paix. They had been followed to their bench by a dapper young man—boy, I should call him but for the look of weary decadence that the Parisian face assumes, long before twenty, when its lines are cast in certain places. He had small, sharp eyes, well-oiled black hair, and cheaply smart clothes that smelled of musk. He was on his way to Issy-les-Moulineaux, where the aeroplanes race, and seemed to be a clerk of some sort who went the rounds of the dressmakers with samples. When I began to observe the group, he was telling the elder girl that he had seen her "*in the stock-room*" that morning.

"You were getting a yard of mauve crêpe," he said. "Didn't you see me? I noticed your blouse immediately. *Chic*, that!"

His ferret eyes stared her in the face over his jaunty little cane, and passed appraisingly from the buff blouse over her whole person.

At this, the younger girl, who could not have been more than sixteen and was shy and softly innocent, gave her friend a quick, troubled glance. The friend was a year or two older, and had a small, seductive face that might one day grow hard. She listened to the compliment with the ironic little smiling manner of one who knows her world, and threw a reassuring look to her companion. "I can take care of myself. Listen, and you'll soon learn how to manage them," she seemed to say.

"You think so, Monsieur? Do you really like it?" she encouraged very prettily.

"Yes, *parbleu!* What do you call that model—the 'Madeleine,' isn't it?" He spoke as one possessed of all the secrets of the sanctuary. She quickly brought him low.

"The 'Madeleine'! Pray, who would wear a three months' old model? This is our latest; one of Madame Jeanne's." She knew that he knew that she had made the blouse herself, out of a remnant from a bargain counter. But she also savored his appreciation of the *chic* that was hers by inheritance and acquisition—a *chic* that no Anglo-Saxon customer of her establishment could ever buy.

"It suits your coquette type," the young man began again, pulling the waxed ends of his mustache and fixing his eyes on hers. "Women should always dress for their type."

"Monsieur knows a great deal about women."

"I should be glad to know more about you, Mademoiselle Marie."

"Ah, I don't take up with the first comer, not I." Having fairly caught her fish, she turned her slim back and entered upon an impassioned discussion of "skirts" with her blushing friend. The young man, touched at last, edged nearer.

"Mademoiselle!" His tone was humble, and she turned her head slightly.

"You're ravishing! Won't you—consider me?"

"Thank you for nothing, Monsieur.

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"HIS FERRET EYES STARED HER IN THE FACE OVER HIS JAUNTY LITTLE CANE"

We're very happy as we are; aren't we, Marguerite?"

"But," anxiously, "you haven't already a *petit amoureux?*" (sweetheart.)

"Naturally!" with bravado.

"You don't want to change?" he asked, low and eagerly. "Think of it!" He was really in earnest now.

"Thanks. The present one suits me very well. I'm quite content as I am. Isn't that so, Marguerite?"

She got up, nodded with a semblance of insolent carelessness, and, taking Marguerite's arm, walked to the gangplank. The boat stopped at Passy, and they hurried off. I looked back and saw them making their way quickly along the *quai* towards a row of poor white houses, where they doubtless lived honestly and frugally in an attic room together. But how long could it last? I saw my question reflected in the young man's face. He, too, was following the girls with

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his eyes, and, like the bird of prey he was, noting the direction they had taken. He chewed the end of his cigarette, tapped his cane on the floor, and gave an occasional half-angry, half-admiring exclamation:

"Humph! satisfied! satisfied! There's a cheeky one for you!" he muttered to himself, screwing up his white eyelids and puffing smoke from his lips. But his small black eyes gleamed.

When the boat drew in to the next station, he was in the line of stragglers who handed in their brass tickets and stepped ashore, and I saw him turn back towards Passy, regardless of the aeroplanes. His furtive air suggested that, first of all, he was going to find out the truth about that imaginary little lover of hers.

It is from scenes like this that the stranger concludes—and not entirely without reason—that the young Paris working-girl of to-day is the direct descendant of Mimi Pinson, of whom Alfred de Musset drew so immortal a portrait: Mimi of the charmed fingers, light-headed, light-hearted, living from hand to mouth; Mimi of the round face, the turn-up nose, and the sparkling black eyes, who plied her needle all day for small recompense, but was not averse to making merry at night with Bohemian students:

"*Mimi Pinson est une blonde,*
Une blonde que l'on connaît.
Elle n'a qu'une robe au monde,
Landerirette!
Et qu'un bonnet."

Art and literature have liked to perpetuate the tradition. What is Charpentier's "Louise" but a modern version of the same young woman? Louise wears a hat, to be sure, instead of a little white cap, but in other respects times haven't changed much since 1840, we say to ourselves, as we see her in her giddy dressmaker's shop, and at last, rebelling against the parental onion soup, carried away on a wave of intoxication to seek joy of life with artists in Montmartre.

When one visits, as I did last year, the establishments of the great dressmakers and the milliners in the neighborhood of the Rue de la Paix, a Mimi-Louise seems the inevitable flower of the artificial soil in which she grows. This world of the *métiers de luxe*—the gilt-edged trades, one might call them, which minister only to luxurious tastes and large bank-accounts—is a world apart; a world, moreover, of striking contrasts. On one side of a door all is splendid glitter and a suave, extravagant ease that sounds in the smooth voices of the saleswomen, in the rustle and trail of the frocks displayed by the *mannequins* (living models), in the very chink of the bottomless pockets of the millionaires. On the other side of the door, dingy back stairs, bare corridors, crowded, confused workrooms, an atmosphere tense with effort and frenzied haste. The forewoman from a raised platform drives the needles forward with quick, sharp gestures and watchful eyes: "A little more care with that cuff, Marguerite." "You're slow, Alice; hurry up a bit there, my little girl!" She knows to a sou what every girl is worth and how far she may be goaded. The only standard common to both sides of the door is that of the Parisian secret, the *cachet Parisien*. Its form changes, subtly or fantastically, from week to week; its value never changes but to increase. The girl of the skillfulest fingers, however, thinks herself lucky if her *métier de luxe* gives her three or four, or at most five, francs a day.

Yet from these very workrooms and from those of the region to the eastward of "the center"—the region of wholesale houses, of flower and feather shops, which, in proportion as it stretches out towards the suburbs, declines in standards of workmanship and wages—from these countless *ateliers*, as I discovered, trudge home at night to their humble rooms, not only the light-headed grisettes, but girls whose hearts are burning with an ardor for social regeneration as keen as that felt by any Russian Jewess or any English factory hand; and gentle souls of another stamp, who live out their days in the glow of a sort of romance that no *petit amoureux* has ever known how to kindle.

At the Café du Sillon from Justine and Henriette, at the Bourse du Travail from Mademoiselle Marcelle, and from a milliner called Marie Constance, I learned many things about the life and outlook of the Paris working-girl that opera and fiction have not celebrated.

Marie Constance illustrated for me just how hard it is for a girl of fastidious taste to exist alone on five francs a day. She considered it impossible, indeed; that is why she trimmed hats in the evening on her own account.

Our first meeting occurred, characteristically, after ten o'clock, one October night. Hearing a timid knock at my door, I looked out, and found her standing in the corridor, where the lights were turned low. I could

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see nothing at first but an enormous scooping hat-brim. It was as if the hat's owner, with a kind of inverted ostrich instinct, sought to hide away under its smart roll her beseeching dark eyes, her shabbily modest figure, and the bulging yellow-paper bags with which she was laden.

"Ah, pardon; Mademoiselle was retiring?" She seemed all ready, timidly and silently, to vanish into the gloom, and I almost put a hand on her arm to hold her back. She was the modiste whom my friend Madame B. had sent. "But if it were too late for Mademoiselle?" Her voice was as frail and thinly sweet as her little face.

As she came in and sat down in a tired heap on the couch to open her bags, I said that if lateness were in question she was the person to be considered. She hastened eagerly to explain away her obvious weariness. There was no resisting the radiant appeal of those soft dark eyes.

"It was her busiest season, that was it," for she was trimmer at a milliner's who "created" the models for the Rue de la Paix. Having worked through the summer on the winter's models, they were now beginning "on the spring." It was just a little fatiguing to think in straw in October! Every night her forewoman said, as she bade them good-night, "Ideas, ideas, young ladies!" One really had to lie awake, for one couldn't let the other trimmers get ahead of one. And then there were her private patrons for evening work—ladies like Mademoiselle's charming friend Madame B. "And if Mademoiselle would say what sort of hat she wanted?"

That was our first meeting, but the slim, black, drooping figure, with the big, modish hat, the paper bags, that had odd protuberances to fit a feather or a bow, and the Bazin novel—she always read on the "Metro," she told me, and Bazin was her favorite novelist—was soon a familiar presence in the house, and to be seen gliding through the court and up the stairs in the early morning, at noon, or in the late evening. She worked in the *atelier* from nine until seven, and therefore must visit her own ladies in the scraps of time that remained. Yet she would come again and again for a single hat. The difficulty was to make her spare herself at all. Her artist's soul was no respecter of her bodily needs; hers was a real cult of service and of perfection.

Even the *concierge* (janitress), suspicious of everybody, and, above all, unfriendly towards those late-comers or late-goers who forced her to pull the door-rope from the bed where she was always comfortably snoring after ten o'clock—even Madame Lise referred to her affectionately as "that nimble, silent little fairy." "Your little fairy of a modiste is waiting for you," she would call to me from her lodge as I went up the stairs.

Léonie, the chambermaid, too—Léonie was a woman of the south, and in general conscious, in the presence of these Parisians, of her thick waist and her clumsy fingers—found pretty ways of describing her: "She's so dainty, Mademoiselle, like some little flower." This native, flower-like refinement, which in the Paris working-girl is so often touched with corruption, was in Marie tempered with nothing more urbane than an exquisite politeness that took heed of every delicacy, and seemed to deny herself the right to a personal existence.

If she were very late, for example, she was "heartbroken to keep Mademoiselle up; but I was at Madame B.'s, on the Boulevard St. Germain. I waited indeed from eight to ten, but she was dining, and I couldn't dream of disturbing her—a lady so distinguished in all her person, and so kind!" On rainy nights, when she came in dripping, without an umbrella, her fears were all for my carpet: "I! Why, my big hat makes my umbrella—a little creature like me!" And, though her long journeys from one end of Paris to the other were made without a morsel of food, I could not induce her to take so much as a glass of milk. Patrons were patrons, and, if American ladies did not know what was suitable (I was made to feel), no customer of hers should ever see her milliner eat.

"I have told Mademoiselle," she said, bending a bow over my eye, "that I always make my little dinner when I get to my room. An omelet, or something like that. It suits me perfectly, this arrangement. I am never hungry till midnight. After my dinner I am refreshed; I dash off my customers' hats in no time. I need little sleep, and I assure Mademoiselle that I am never late or tired at the *atelier*. Monsieur Louis winks at my copying his models, just because I am so prompt at nine o'clock, and come with courage in my heart and imagination in my fingers."

Monsieur Louis was a thoroughly satisfactory patron. At Louis's what you needed was a *flair* of a special sort; the *flair* to

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THE OTHER SIDE

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OF THE DOOR

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foresee through the mists of autumn the forms and colors that would take shape on worldly heads in the spring, and in the spring and summer to forget the green leaves and "think," in turn, "in velvet." The best, the most intoxicating materials, were at your disposal: old lace, silky plumes, and flowers. Marie's love of beauty and elegance here found their reward, it was clear, and every fiber in her being responded to the subtleties of tone and texture in which she worked.

There was no dull season at Louis's, either. That was another advantage, for most milliners had only half a year's work. And if, like all steady work, hers did not pay well, there were her own ladies besides, many of them as charming to make hats for as those one saw at the "five o'clocks."

"The 'five o'clocks'?" I asked.

"Ah, didn't Mademoiselle know? Twice a month we trimmers go with our *première* [forewoman]—a most elegant person herself—to make a round of the tea-rooms where society assembles. We go—wearing hats that Monsieur Louis lends us, of course—to observe, to get our ideas stimulated."

If Marie lacked anything, it was not ideas. She conceived them and carried them to their logical conclusion with a doctrinaire rigidity that couldn't have been surpassed at the Sorbonne. I shall never forget the horror with which she discovered that I was wearing a straw hat in October—"Straw at this season!"—she almost gave me up on the spot; nor her scornful appraisement of some old hats for which I had a liking. One was pure *camelote* (ready-made), the other was simply not worn. I might take it from her that in the right places it never had been. I was not, however, to get the whole savor of her blend of the doctrinaire and the romantic until the evening when she brought me my "small hat."

"Mademoiselle Marie! Is that what you call a *small* hat?" The peaked Gothic extinguisher with curving sweet-pea sides that she had proudly taken from the dejected bag made me gasp. Marie's sensitive little face stiffened with a sudden authority, and her voice rang out hard and clear.

"But yes, Mademoiselle. *Of course* it is a small hat. As I explained, there are only two kinds of hats this year—the large and the small. This is the best model of the *petit chapeau*, the greatest success of our house this season."

I wondered, weakly, whether it could not be modified a little to suit a New England nose.

"Mademoiselle may mock all she likes, but I cannot suppose she really wants a modification," said Marie Constance, very distantly. And I realized that she was thinking to herself that it would be far more fitting to change a mere nose than to make a poor compromise with perfection.

As I continued to look doubtfully in the mirror I became conscious at last of the small shadow face reflected behind my own. The pale image, all sharpened and wan, that stared there, indomitably, at the creation of its night vigils gave me a sudden pang. It was inconceivable that so frail and dainty a creature should be leading this hard, this implacable life. I could not help asking her why she had chosen to be a milliner.

"But it's a beautiful trade, Mademoiselle—an artist's calling!" she cried, sparkling and revived again, and heart and soul for her work, as every Frenchwoman is. "And then, you see, I could not live at home, in the provinces."

Little by little her story came out. Her mother was a widow, the principal of a primary school. Her elder sister was a real "intellectual" who had taken scholarly honors and taught in a girls' *lycée*. Marie was not the intellectual type, and her mother had expected to marry her off at seventeen to an adoring cousin. He was a good sort, her cousin Henry, rich enough, and—oh, well, very likely he had all the virtues. It was a tragic situation, because her mother had a disease of the heart, and might die of the least over-excitement.

"My presence excited her, this poor *maman*, when I refused to marry. So I just had to come away," she ended, as if it were the simplest thing in the world.

"Ah, Mademoiselle, I couldn't marry a man for whom I had only respect. I couldn't. *Il me faut une âme sœur!*" (I must have a twin soul), she added, very shyly, but with a sort of touching tenderness in her voice and eyes.

Remembering the Bazin novels, I reluctantly suggested that true affinities weren't too easy to find in real life.

"Ah, yes, Mademoiselle, I think—one finds them"—she hesitated, and then, taking a sudden resolution: "You won't laugh, like my Parisian comrades? Say what you will, romance is truth! Well, then, I *have* found one. He is an intellectual, too, just gradu-

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"SHE CAME IN AND SAT DOWN IN A TIRED HEAP ON THE COUCH TO OPEN HER BAGS"

ated from the École Normale, and now he has his military service before he can get his professorship. So, though I am twenty-seven, I must live my little hard-working life for a long time yet."

"Twenty-seven? But you look nearer seventeen!" I exclaimed.

"Mademoiselle flatters me," answered Marie, resuming her workaday formality again, as she began to gather up her sewing materials. "I look my full age; nobody knows it better than I. But, *mon Dieu*, one must have courage. See what a beautiful hat I've given you, Mademoiselle! You will have many compliments for it in America. Good-evening, Mademoiselle." She vanished through the door, and I was left to reconcile myself to an "unmodified" Gothic hat.

That was the only time she spoke directly of her love affair, and I felt, in her shy manner, with an increased confidence, an appeal to me not to reopen a sacred subject. She could not afford to stop to think of love, poor girl, as the season advanced and the search for ideas became more frenzied. All sorts of ideas were needed: those that should crown the heads of the newly rich automobile people—"'the New York type,' we call it," explained Marie; then there was the elusive, the delicately decorative, to be expressed for ladies who cared for details of elegance; and the stiff tailor-made type, and much besides.

One Sunday morning, just before I left Paris, she came to bring her bill. It was absurdly small. I could not persuade her to take one extra sou. She accepted eagerly, however, some tattered novels. The bundle was heavy, and, as I was driving in her direction, I induced her to break the conventions as she understood them and go with me in my cab to the *quais*. When we separated, I happened to say that I was lunching with the family of one of her beloved novelists—one of those who believed in "romance." Her quiver of excitement was instantly suppressed. She merely murmured, "*Merci*, Mademoiselle, thank you for everything!" and flitted silently away. But a few minutes later, from the *salon* window that opened to the river, I had a last glimpse of her. She was standing on the Pont-Neuf, staring at the house, and screened from

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observation, as she supposed, by the moving stream of carriages and wayfarers that flowed past her over the bridge. But I could see how, from under her hat-brim, and weighed down with her humble bags and her novels, she was absorbing, drinking in, as it were, every detail of that old façade. "To think in straw in October" had its painful moments; still, "say what you would, romance was truth" for Marie Constance.

It was a very different sort of truth that the Bourse du Travail (labor exchange) insisted on; here misery was truth, low wages were truth, and the greatest truth of all was that nobody had the right to lead a life that left out of account the difficulties of his fellows. Marie's shrinking fastidiousness, which took offense when she met so much as a group of working-girls walking arm in arm through the streets in their blouses, would have shriveled up indeed in this hardy, grim atmosphere where pink posters announce the latest strike, and the echo of voices declaiming in the "Hall of the Strikes" resounds through the ugly passages. Any girl who goes to the Bourse du Travail—the headquarters furnished by the French Government to the labor unions, and fronting suggestively the Place de la République, that old battle-ground of the social revolution—must hold impersonal ideas higher than romance.

Mademoiselle Marcelle, whom one found on Monday evenings in the tiny headquarters of the women flower-makers' union, was no friend to the men. She refused to have anything to do with the *syndicat mixte* of her trade, on the ground that women were not yet sufficiently emancipated to hold their own in a mixed union. She was a plump little person, with a sleek round head and no angles—such a Frenchwoman as Degas liked to paint, in a tight-fitting black dress, looking out at the world with competence and self-satisfaction. You might have mistaken her for a home worker—one of those women whose years revolve within the narrow confines of one small household, one small, perfect bit of work, and who, if they seem to carry a miniature model of the philosopher's globe in their capacious black pockets, never survey it with any more positive emotion than an ironic resignation. Mademoiselle Marcelle, though she had not chosen to marry, had shown herself a mother at heart by adopting a child. She had extended her love of good work and good housekeeping to the dirty corners of her trade—one family, after all, when seen "in the large," as she said; and, though she obviously mistrusted almost every one but herself, she had a firm and matter-of-fact faith in the Socialist state.

She was suspicious, for example, of "the intellectuals"—the women of the thinking classes, who in France, as elsewhere, are beginning to be preoccupied with social problems. If she was gracious to me, it was, I believe, because I came from a land where the torch of liberty is supposed to be held aloft.

"Oh, yes," she assured me, "I know how they talk, these ladies. We have a comrade of the Typists' Union who is employed at the Ministère du Travail [Labor Office]. She gives us reports. They go in, these ladies, to the Director, and they say to him: '*Cher Monsieur le Directeur*'"—Mademoiselle Marcelle pinched her lips and spoke in a mincing voice—"'Dear Monsieur, help us to raise up this poor working-girl, who can never, without our help, lift herself above her troubles.'" Mademoiselle Marcelle's mouth tightened into a small, hard circle. "Ah, I tell you, I want no help except what the State owes me and what my comrades can give."

She would not accept help from "these ladies," for fear of patronage, even when the co-operative flower-making shop into which she had put her whole heart, and the savings of ten incredibly economical years, was in difficulties. It was to the dignified corridors and the high-ceiled rooms of the Labor Office, in its archbishop's palace on the Rue de Varenne, that she had gone, before launching her undertaking, to ask for a subsidy. That the subsidy was accorded did not surprise Mademoiselle Marcelle; it was a matter of course that the State should help the workers. And when her co-operative venture seemed on the point of failure, she wrote to a well-known Socialist editor and Deputy.

"Of course I got no answer from *him*," she said, "in spite of his promises in his newspaper, just because I'm not a voter. Perfectly natural! Why, even my *concierge*, a woman altogether limited, would be interested in social questions if she had a vote. 'The day I can vote, Mademoiselle,' she says to me, 'that day I will organize myself!'"

Because she herself believed so firmly in the ideals of Socialism and the power of women to stand on their own feet, the failure of the Co-operative Shop had been the bitter-

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est experience of Mademoiselle Marcelle's thirty-eight years. The twenty years of her *fleuriste's* existence had been consecrated to this plan. She had worked in every sort of factory, in every grade of flowers, that she might learn all the details of her trade in their largest industrial bearing. The cult of her profession was strong in Mademoiselle Marcelle, too, and she raged against the increased use of machinery, and all the dismal results of commercialized standards. For years, after her working day, she had taught an evening class in order to train young girls in the traditional secrets of flower-making. The union had been another of her efforts, and at last to the "Co-operative" she had given her very life's blood. And, after all, because of jealousies, disagreements, impatiences on the part of the comrades, the experiment had flamed into ashes.

Mademoiselle Marcelle had then swallowed her disappointment and gone back to work in an *atélier* like anybody else. She was no dreamer, but one of those obstinately practical people whose courage is inexhaustible. When I went to see her in her own room, I realized that her propagandist spirit had now found a new center and dear hope; she was arming her little girl to do in the future the great deeds that she herself, in a blind age, had not been able to achieve. The child was an orphan whom nobody had wanted. Mademoiselle Marcelle had not hesitated to adopt her on an income of five francs a day—she earned a little less in the dull season, she said, a little more in the good season. Marie Constance thought it impossible for one person to exist alone on five francs in Paris. Mademoiselle Marcelle's stoic virtues and her economic genius were such that she and the child were able with this sum to live very pleasantly in a clean, airy room in the center of the wholesale district.

She sometimes worked at home there, for a while, so that little Juliette might see, very young, what beautiful flowers were like. Apprentices had not half a chance now in the *métier*, she said.

"If I can make this little girl, first of all, an excellent *fleuriste*, and then send her out to spread the propaganda among her comrades, I shall perhaps do as much for my kind and my trade as if my Co-operative had succeeded," she said, looking fondly at Juliette, who was at that moment eating a large bowl of strawberries. "Do not put your elbow on the table, my child," she interrupted. I had found them at lunch; and Juliette's piquant face, the face of a potential Mimi Pinson, had registered a vivid interest in our conversation.

"Listen, *Maman*," she now broke in, mischievously. "I need a new hair-ribbon for Sunday."

"Good heavens," whispered Mademoiselle Marcelle, as she followed me to the door, "suppose she should turn out a little coquette, like the others!"

"A coquette, like the rest of them"—how often I heard that phrase! The men at the Bourse were always telling one, with a grin, that the Paris working-girl cared more for her mirror than for progress. Justine said that she would have been "as light-headed as the rest" but for the Sillon. The Sillon was a Catholic organization, later condemned by the Pope for its preoccupation with social reform, and the atmosphere at the little Café behind St. Sulpice was quite unlike that of the Bourse. There the spirit of one class, asking for revenge on all the others, had seemed to dominate. The minute you went into this funny little place, where the napkins of the *habitués* were in numbered pigeonholes by the door, and the sanded floor was as clean as the bare tables, you felt, on the other hand, in the presence of the actual fact of fraternity. The men and women who haunted the Café de Sillon appeared to hold their ideals in common, though some of them worked with their hands and others with their heads.

It was an art critic who introduced me to Justine. Remembering how the joyous consecration of her bearing struck me that night when she pushed open the low door, at last, and crossed the room, smiling, to sit beside us, I realize that my first impression of her was the true one. Her eyes were very blue, and had the inspired, mystic look of those who, from some desert land, spy on a dim horizon a sail of blessed hope. Though the depths of human misery had been revealed to her, she seemed to have had, at the same time, a vision of redemption. She was extraordinarily pretty, and wore her old clothes and her rusty black taffeta hat with the same inborn ease that gave her manner its charm. She made one at home in the café very much as if she were a great lady doing the honors of her own table.

Justine was as deeply concerned as Mademoiselle Marcelle with the theory of Socialism, the pains of the toilers, and the

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necessity of organization as a protective armor for women, but in a less practical, a more exalted way. She lived with girl students and read Marx far into the night. The Sillon had persuaded her that she was a creature with a mission, and she felt this all the more because of the discouragement that she met everywhere else. Her family told her that she was a fool for her pains; her comrades laughed, and, of course, employers were ill-disposed, if they heard of her propaganda.

"My good fortune," she explained, "is in looking pretty and vain like the others. And then I am as nice as can be to everybody; they all adore me!—the ladies of the firm, too. I help the girls with their little blouses while we wait for our work, and gradually I get my influence!"

Justine's talk of the *ateliers*—she, too, was a *fleuriste*—and the sense that she seemed to have of her own phenomenal courage brought out very strikingly the defenseless position of the girl who works in an *atelier* in Paris. Every one knows the assurance of the woman of the small tradesman class, who is not only her husband's partner at the café desk or behind the counter, but usually the better man of the two. The women who follow the rougher sorts of trades, the market gardeners, the street venders of vegetables, and the rest, certainly fear no human being, not even a police officer. The *ouvrières en chambre*, or home workers, for their part, though their obscurity makes them fair game for the exploiting contractor, are intrenched behind the respectable ramparts of their home. But girls like Justine, whose hours and working conditions are carefully protected by law, walk, nevertheless, in terror of their forewoman or their *patron*, and—is it because custom has decreed that the unmarried have no influence in France?—dare not lift their voices in protest. Very few of them are organized in labor unions.

"Think of it!" said Justine, leaning across the table; "two months ago I was working in a shop; the piece rates declined so that we did not make two francs a day. Fifteen of us left together, but I was the only one who had the courage to say, when the *patronne* asked why, 'Because I do not earn my living here, Madame.' I spoke very politely, you may be sure, but how furious she was!" Justine shivered. If she ever did succeed in persuading the girls to ask for better pay, she was always ill afterwards, from terror and excitement.

Mademoiselle Marcelle did not dream of concealing her trades union sympathies, and maintained that they had never injured her professionally. A good worker, she said, was always welcome. Justine was haunted by the fear that her strong-mindedness would lower her earning capacity. She was a first-rate *fleuriste*, but she had never been able to support herself entirely, without some assistance from her parents. She respected Mademoiselle Marcelle, though she disliked her violent feminism—men should be treated as friends, not as enemies—and shrank from the anti-Christian spirit that prevailed at the Bourse. For all that, one felt in her, as in the other working-girls, a distrust of all authority—a hatred, on principle, of the *patron*. The ideals of Socialism seem far enough away when a democracy brings out such violent class distinctions. Justine and her friend Henriette, the feather-worker, had never permitted themselves, I am sure, a sneaking liking for an employer. Theirs were the sentiments of the *papillons*, those small oblong stickers, with anything but a butterfly significance, that one finds on the backs of benches in the industrial parts of Paris. "The heart of a *patron* is a strong box," they read, and, "The thinner the workman, the fatter the employer." Justine even suspected the factory inspectress.

"I should like to get hold of that woman," said Henriette. Henriette's mother, who had been forewoman in a feather shop, was now dying of consumption, and she herself was evidently already under the influence of the disease. "I'd say some things to her. She comes in smiling, well dressed. She says: 'Good-morning, young ladies. Are the windows open here? *Au revoir, mesdemoiselles.*' Why doesn't she pitch into the *patron* in our presence if she really means business?"

Justine was willing to concede that before the abolition of night work—until recently it was permitted during the busy season in the *métiers de luxe*—the inspectress, who had to be on hand by night as well as by day, had to deal with a complex question. Women inspectors are in charge of women's work in France, except where there is power machinery; and since Paris has few great factories or mills—since it is a town of so-called "small commerce," of innumerable small handiwork industries—inspection becomes a delicate matter.

"One is born skeptical in Paris," pleaded Justine, when I taxed her with injustice.

Where the *patron* or some other authority

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was not concerned she was, nevertheless, anything but skeptical. She would jump up from the most absorbing of her industrial discussions and run to speak a word of friendly gossip or sympathy with the people who went in and out of the café, and never forgot, I noticed, to bring a newspaper to the waitress. This hard-featured, middle-aged person, it seemed, lived for the continued novel at the bottom of the page, and in the intervals of passing dishes retired to a corner with the smudgy sheet glued to her near-sighted eyes.

"Well, Mademoiselle, what has happened to her now?" Justine would ask with an air of intense interest, when Louise set down her plate of *purée*.

"Ah, Mademoiselle, just fancy! she is beginning to doubt whether he really loves her!"

"Little fool!" Justine's happy laugh reminded one—even though she herself never read anything less serious than Marx—of that inevitable Mimi, in whose heart bloomed "the white rose of gayety."

I wish that those who believe only in the Mimis of the river boats might once look through the low door behind St. Sulpice, where Justine, with a consecrated hope shining in her blue eyes, leans across the table to expound the future to an adoring group of enthusiasts. I wish they might see Mademoiselle Marcelle, in her more matter-of-fact way, teaching her adopted Juliette to be a good *fleuriste* and stuffing her with strawberries and propaganda; I wish they knew Marie Constance, who thinks boldly in straw and timidly conceals romance under her hat-brim.

THE JUDGMENT OF MOTHERS

BY CLARA GRIFFITH GAZZAM

And God spake: "Now bring me the mothers,
The women whose travail has wrought
The strength and weakness of nations."
And straightway the mothers were brought.

First Mary—the mother of Jesus—
Drew near to the feet of her Son,
As into the Infinite Presence
The women were led, one by one.

They came from earth's outermost borders,
From palace and hovel they came;
And some bore the heart of a mother,
While some were but mothers in name.

Behold them! so strong in their weakness,
These mothers of men; at whose breast
The kings of the earth have been suckled
And beggars have laid them to rest.

The brawn and the sinew of nations
Was born of these women, whose blood
Ran warm in the veins of our heroes
And marked them "the chosen of God."

The mothers of kings, in whose bearing
The pride of their offspring is shown.
The mothers of serfs, who had suffered
And carried their children—alone.

The mothers of men who have conquered;
The mothers of men who have failed;
Each bearing a cross on her bosom—
For each to that cross has been nailed.

And lo! at the feet of the Master
One bends—with the cross on her breast,
Although she has carried no children—
(Her place is apart from the rest).

The mothers of kings and of beggars
Withdraw from the spot where she lies.
"What right has *this* woman among us?"
They question, in startled surprise.

But Mary—the mother of Jesus—
Looked down on the woman, and smiled;
"Her soul is the *soul* of a mother,
Although she has suckled no child."

And God spake: "Oh, ye who are mothers!
This woman has surely her part
Among you; for though she is childless,
She still is a mother—at heart."

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BY THE WAY

Eight Russian survivors of the battle of Borodino recently celebrated the hundredth anniversary of that bloody conflict between the Russians and Napoleon's Grande Armée. This seems incredible, but the newspaper reports give the names and records of these hoary veterans. One of them, at the age of 122, has recently been granted a pension by the Russian Government. Another, Peter Laptieff, aged 118, actually met Napoleon face to face during the campaign and has a vivid recollection of the interview.

The steel exports of the United States, Mr. O. P. Austin, assistant chief of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, announces, now amount to the enormous total of a million dollars a day.

Home-brewed beer has of late years, says Harold Simpson in his recently published "Rambles in Norway," largely displaced spirits as the national drink of the Norwegians. It is so popular that it is used even at breakfast to wash down the stock dish—fried pork smothered in onions. The first sight of a Norwegian breakfast-table, adds the author, is apt to astound one. It is covered with small dishes, principally fish—fresh fish, smoked fish, fish in tins, fish in miniature barrels; there are also cold meats, and an endless variety of cheeses, of which the Norwegians are very fond.

Only about one per cent of the total wealth of the United States is invested in church property, but, according to Dr. Booker Washington, over eight per cent of the wealth of the Negroes of the country is invested in this way. They have 35,000 churches, with 3,700,000 members.

Peter Roberts, miner, pastor, and author, in his just-published book "The New Immigration," tells of his method of teaching English to foreigners. The miners would not fuss with alphabet and grammar, so he taught them by acting out and repeating over and over the words describing the daily experiences of an ordinary man. The method met with great success.

The largest amount ever collected from a single estate under the inheritance tax law of New York State was recently paid by the heirs of John Jacob Astor—$3,150,000. The total estate amounted to about $77,000,000, and of this the principal heir, Vincent Astor, receives $67,000,000.

Oddly enough, this sum, $67,000,000, is the exact amount of the next largest estate on which an inheritance tax has been paid, and this was accumulated by a Scotch lad who came to New York in 1856, and in a liftime acquired what it had taken the Astors generations to amass. This was John S. Kennedy, honorably known as a great distributer as well as accumulator of wealth.

Three accidents on one railway have within fifteen months cost the road $1,500,000, according to newspaper reports. That sum would have gone a long way toward providing every possible safety device. Railway men assert that these wrecks were the result of false economy.

Before joining a theatrical company, stage-struck girls might well stop to think—if their temperament ever allows them to think—about Miss Julia Marlowe's recent statement in announcing her prospective retirement from the stage: "The world owes a certain amount of home life to every human being." The famous actress is as eager to escape from the continuous round of dressing-room, stage, hotel, and railway train as the often misguided amateur is to experience it.

An improved gate for stopping runaways has saved over a hundred horses from serious injury since it has been installed on the Williamsburg Bridge in New York City. This gate, instead of being, like the old one, simply a barrier across the roadway, brings the runaway horse into a V-shaped chute, in which the vehicle that he draws becomes wedged. The animal is thus stopped before he can strike the apex of the gate, and so escapes injury.

Cities that are planning to erect library buildings may find a suggestion worth considering in Mr. Charles G. Soule's recently published book, "How to Plan a Library Building for Library Work:" "I not only believe, but know, that one per cent of the cost of building, put into employing a really competent expert librarian" to collaborate with the architect "will save from ten to forty per cent on the cost, in space, convenience, and material."

The Suez Canal, according to "Shipping Illustrated," is owned by a private company, the Cie. Universelle du Canal Maritime de Suez. Its president, secretary, manager, and a majority of its directors, are French. Great Britain, it is stated, has never interfered in the management of this company, nor has the French Government.

Professor Herschel C. Parker, on his third attempt to reach the summit of Mount McKinley, the highest mountain in North America, was obliged to turn back when within 300 feet of the summit. The party attained a height of over 20,000 feet, and gave up their attempt to gain the highest point only when proceeding farther, in the face of a mountain blizzard and intense cold, meant certain death.

One settlement worker in New York City has made a specialty of teaching boys how to make articles of furniture out of old packing-boxes. The boys are said to be enthusiastic over the products of their industry. They learn to make tables, chairs, cribs, washstands, and even hammocks out of these unpromising materials. The city has recently recognized the value of this work by placing a building at the disposal of its originator, Miss Louise Brigham.

Throw away the superfluous furnishings of your rooms, says a contributor to "Good Housekeeping," and thus lighten housekeeping burdens; let five minutes' work suffice to set a room in order. In this matter the Japanese have ideas; a room that has one handsome rug, one fine picture, one beautiful vase of flowers, they consider well furnished. Americans must to this add a chair or two, since we cannot, like the Japanese and our own children, sit comfortably on the floor, no matter how handsome the rug that covers it.

A Girton undergraduate, says an exchange, having inadvertently changed umbrellas with a fellow-student, evolved this note: "Miss —— presents her compliments to Miss ——, and begs to say that she has an umbrella which isn't mine. So, if you have one that isn't hers, no doubt they are the ones." The exchange neglects to say that this epistolary entanglement was probably a "grind" by a Girton senior on her junior friends.

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